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## THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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## THE NEW CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE.

THE Council of India, which is the principal element in Lord PALMERSTON's new Double Government, offers a pretty wide alternative to criticism. Perhaps it is like the English House of Commons. Perhaps it is like the French Legislative Body. No Minister among them all seems to have a decently clear notion what its functions are to be. Sometimes they give a hint that it is to have a *bonâ fide* initiative—that is, that all administrative measures are to be settled by the entire Council before they are vetoed, allowed, or altered by the President. But the language of the Treasury Bench is far more consistent with a very different course of proceeding. The Council is first of all to distribute itself into four Committees of two, or, in other words, into four dual Under-Secretaries—the arrangement in pairs being seemingly adopted to prevent any inconvenient exercise of volition. Each Committee, having made up its mind—which, of course, from its constitution, it can't do without privately consulting the President—is to produce a draft despatch, a document which will then be discussed by the President and Council together. No vote, however, will be taken (except in matters of finance), since the President's pleasure overrides all dissent. Under this precious constitution, the functions of the new Councillors are not difficult to understand. They are to sit around the President, and make remarks which nobody is bound to attend to. We are obliged to Mr. DICKENS for the right word descriptive of the proceeding. It is Circumlocution—Circumlocution exactly. We have always said that Mr. DICKENS's sketch of a Public Office was a caricature. It was reserved for Lord PALMERSTON to create a department deliberately modelled, not on the Office, but on the caricature.

It is really astonishing that anybody who has that familiarity with the working of public assemblies which is common to Englishmen, should have conceived so grotesque a creation as this Council of India. There are but two ways in which a Council can operate as a check on a Sovereign or Minister. It may have the power of absolutely affirming measures or rejecting them, and in that case it is comparatively immaterial whether the person who is to be checked is present or not present at its discussions. Again, it may exercise a less efficient, but still a sensible checking-power, by coming as a body to a resolution, and then submitting it to an omnipotent, but external, authority. Under this last arrangement, it is indispensable that the person having the ultimate decision should be separated from his Council, since the only influence brought to bear on him is the sense of modest diffidence at venturing to overrule the conclusion of a body having more special knowledge than he has himself. There is no third way in which a board of advisers can control an omnipotent chief, and any contrivances having this object are only clumsy expedients for shielding, encouraging, or confirming his uninstructed audacity. We do not even believe that the proposed Council will save a Minister from the grossest displays of ignorance. Let us

picture to ourselves Mr. VERNON SMITH sitting at a green table, with eight gentlemen nominated by himself. The subject is the Mutiny. The President suggests that Cawnpore is on the Jumna, or that Delhi can be surrounded. Why, the very courtesies observed at dinner-tables, and in all small assemblies, will imperatively forbid a correction. Mr. VERNON SMITH will go down to the House of Commons impressed with the belief that his Council has advised him to surround Delhi, and perhaps, when it turns out that Delhi cannot be surrounded, will propose to abolish his advisers for having embarrassed an important military operation.

The notorious fact that Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. VERNON SMITH have been forced by pressure from without to engraft important modifications on their original scheme, furnishes probably the true key to the extraordinary mechanism of this India Bill. We vehemently suspect that the Council of India was devised, not to be a counterpoise to the Minister, but simply to take a part of the patronage which the Government had been frightened out of appropriating. The Councillors we take to be the Under-Secretaries of the first draft-plan, with their number doubled and their salaries halved. There is no more thought of allowing them to fetter the autocracy of the President than there was of confiding such a privilege to the original Under-Secretaries. If this be so, it explains a variety of provisions designed to keep the Councillors as completely in order as the usual subordinates in an ordinary public office. Their fewness is a distinct encouragement to the audacity of a self-confident Minister, and a clear assistance to the illicit influence of a chief who is practised in intrigue. The payment is so poor, and the tenure of office so short, as to make the dignity of Councillor, involving as it does exclusion from Parliament, anything but a compensation for the responsibility and labour it will entail. Few of the existing Directors are likely to enter the new department; and the Minister will be thrown back on the other class from which his advisers have to be selected—"persons who have served in India." It is absolutely necessary to observe the real character of the limitation by which the Government affects to narrow its field of choice. "Persons who have served in India," will include, in a year or two, nearly the whole of the British army. There does not seem to be anything whatever in the Bill to prevent the Council of India from consisting of Lieutenants in the Rifles. The QUEEN's uniform is not more distasteful to scions of Whig families than to other youths; and who will guarantee that in 1870 four Councillors do not answer to the name of TOLLEMACHE, and four to that of PHIPPS? Even if an attempt be made to select the Council from the same class which supplies the gentlemen nominated by the Crown to the existing Directorate, we believe it will only succeed with the worst of the class. Who is the sort of person who will accept a thousand a year for eight years, during which he will be without an atom of real influence, will be extremely hard worked, and will be shut out from public life? Evidently the Councillors of India will be men who hope to win ulterior reward by industrious servility. The great offices in India which the Minister, unrestrained by inconvenient remonstrance, is now to bestow at his pleasure, will be the prizes naturally awarded to facile underlings.

But, though the Council of India appears to have been devised rather as a recipient for patronage than as a useful joint in the mechanism of the new Department, it has been carefully provided that the patronage allotted to it shall only be that which existing circumstances have deprived of its value. Instead of augmenting the Indian army by an adequate force of the troops now known as Company's Europeans, the Bill degrades it to the position of a Militia, or (to speak more accurately) a police-force, which is to serve as an auxiliary appendage to the QUEEN's

regiments in India. INDOPHILUS had suggested that, in the event of some such relation between the two armies being thought desirable, the auxiliary force should be officered under a system which would effectually protect it from falling into social disesteem. Its officers were to be gentlemen from the QUEEN'S service, who might think fit to educate themselves specially for special duties. The attractions of the Indian army for QUEEN'S officers would, under the arrangement suggested, be higher pay, a system of promotion by seniority or merit, and the chance of civil employment. But Lord PALMERSTON is far too sensible of the usefulness of this patronage as a cloak to his appropriation of more valuable appointments. Cadetships—henceforward the first steps in a service now insignificant in numbers, and more than ever branded with inferiority to the regular army—are to be distributed between the Indian Minister and the Council. The Minister, even here, retains the lion's share which he before enjoyed; but every nomination which is really valuable passes uncontrolled to the Crown. Lord PALMERSTON had the assurance to tell the House of Commons that his Bill gave the Crown no amount of patronage which would be likely to alarm the country. What is the truth? Inasmuch as the QUEEN'S army will now permanently displace the native army to the extent of about two-thirds, two-thirds of the Indian military patronage goes of course to the Horse Guards, which has just retraced the few hesitating steps it had taken towards the popularization of the QUEEN'S service. The Indian scientific corps will, we presume, be henceforward attached not to the Native but to the Royal army, and all nominations to those famous brigades of Artillery and Engineers, which were the admiration of military critics, will of course rest in the War Office. In addition to this great field of patronage, the Crown, through the Minister for India, will obtain the whole of the appointments to the Company's fleet. It will nominate to chaplaincies and to those civil services (such as the Telegraph and Engineering services) which, as requiring skilled labour, must be recruited, not in India, but from home. The great and growing Educational department will furnish a crowd of disposable offices; and very extensive patronage of a very important kind will accrue to the Indian Minister through the incorporation of the East India House with the office in Cannon-row, at present perhaps the most wretchedly managed and wretchedly served of all existing public departments. But the greatest (indeed it is an almost incalculable) advantage is obtained by the Crown-Government through the removal of the Directors' veto on its appointments to the Indian governorships. A return of the presentations to these great offices made by the Crown to the Company, distinguishing the names of presentees who have been rejected by the latter, would be a most instructive document. Parliament might, perhaps, be brought by it to see that the machinery of Lord PALMERSTON'S Bill is contrived to serve as a speaking-trumpet for the famous sentence, "Take care of Dowb." When the Governor-General and Governors of Madras and Bombay are mere creatures of the Home Government, surrounded by Councillors who are mere creatures of their own, official purity in British India will be on a level with official purity in the Spanish Indies.

#### THE GREAT POTATO DOCTRINE.

WE are told that it is a great mistake to be so "very patriotic and so very jealous of the national honour." There are other things as "necessary to existence as honour." Truth, religious principle, liberty, honesty, these are the "geraniums, calceolarias, ericas" of life. They are all very well in their way—they may do to decorate a Parliament just as exotics serve to ornament a ball-room. They are occasional luxuries which have their uses and their price in the political Covent Garden. But these are not the staple of existence. There are "immense potatoes, carrots a yard long, barrow loads of cabbages," which are the real wants of the "healthy palate." And the true business of the "honest market-gardeners of the Treasury Bench," is "to give us good succulent roots and farinaceous tubers." So writes the leading journal, and what the leading journal writes must be true. At all events we do not intend at present to dispute a proposition which has at least the merit of being singularly intelligible. It is useless to attempt to talk a man into a belief in truth, or principle, or honour, who frankly avows that he regards them as elegant superfluities. It would be about as hopeful a task to argue a Scotch political

economist into poetry or love. It is no use discussing the flavour of grapes with an Esquimaux, or disputing with a native of Timbuctoo on the properties of ice. The first condition of reasoning is that both parties should acknowledge the data from which the conclusions are to be drawn. We set out, then, by accepting the potato theory. Without absolutely assenting to the hypothesis, we are content for the moment not to deny that the principles of truth and liberty are perishable and transitory like the flowers of the field, and that there is nothing solid and permanent with which a wise man need trouble himself, except the occasional interests and political expediency of the moment. This is a doctrine so perfectly adapted to the moral and political condition of the young M.P., who has for the first time the honour of resting his independent knees against the back of the honest market-gardeners of the "Treasury bench," that it may be worth while to examine without disputing it.

Let us, then, by all means go in for the "tubers." But even the leading journal concedes to us that they should be "succulent and farinaceous." It will be hardly worth while to dig up an ornamental flower garden, and fling on the dunghill the costly plants—which, after all, it must be admitted, have occasionally a market value—only to set a few rows of potatoes which will certainly prove rotten before they have grown to maturity. Tubers, if you please, before everything else in the world, but let us take care that they will be fit to come to market—otherwise it may happen that "ericas, calceolarias, and geraniums" might have proved in the end a more profitable speculation.

We are invited to approve and admire the system of Government in France, or at least to sink our objections to the violation of every principle which an Englishman respects—in short, to deny that which we believe, and to applaud that which our consciences condemn—because the French alliance is an excellent thing for England. There are many among our readers to whom, we hope, we might address a very different answer to this doctrine from that with which we now propose to encounter it. The French Alliance "pays"—therefore, there is no sacrifice either of individual conviction or of national honour which it is not wise and proper to make in order to satisfy its exigencies. This is the doctrine, *pur et simple*, of the "honest market-gardeners of the Treasury Bench." It is the avowed principle on which at this moment the policy of the country is conducted by the Cabinet of Lord PALMERSTON. Our assent is invited to it by the Ministerial journals, who borrow their morality as well as their style from the Napoleonic press. We are content to meet them on their own ground. But before we consent to deny everything we believe and to sacrifice all that we hold dear, we must be satisfied at least that we shall get what we bargain for. Let us be quite sure, at all events, that it will "pay." This will be admitted to be wisdom even by the standard of "honest market-gardeners'" morality. We all know the old fairy tale in which the man sells his soul for an untold heap of gold and silver, which turns into cinders as he tries to handle it. Let us sell our souls by all means, but let us be quite sure of the metal we are to receive in exchange. We can understand the policy of the merchant who sold all that he had, and bought a pearl of great price; but the man who gives his all for an unsound "tuber" does what the "market-gardeners" themselves will allow to be worse than a crime—he commits a folly.

Success is a great thing, and for the moment the French Empire has been very successful. English society, and especially the higher grades of it, are singularly accessible to the influences of success in all its forms. They are always ready, with AARON at their head, to dance a measure round the golden calf. We don't pretend to say that they are wrong, but we may venture to remind them that the consequences are sometimes mortifying enough. The French Empire is not the first great success which has been worshipped at Albert-gate. English society placed itself at the feet of HUDSON, before it made an idol of LOUIS NAPOLEON. They were both very successful—for a time. There were men, indeed, who did not like the look of the business—who were not deceived by the large dividends, bonuses, and premiums which the "benefactor of society" lavished on the railroad world—but they were the minority. The majority—and among them the greatest in the land—thought, as usual, that whatever was was right, and courted the Monarch of 1845 as they do the Emperor of 1858. We don't say that it was immoral, dishonest, undignified, but we say what will be



admitted to be material—it did not “pay.” English society eat a good deal of dirt—a great deal more, in fact, than the peck which each man is predestined from his birth to consume—there was a great deal of humiliation, a great deal of meanness, a great deal of degradation, and, what was worst of all, a great deal of loss. The Companies who sought the “man of great resources” for their chairman, the individuals who sued to “the great commercial genius” for shares, did perhaps what it is not very pleasant for them now to recollect. And what did they gain? They suffered not a little in their character, but much more in their purse. We are now invited to become partners in the new political *Crédit Mobilier* which is established in France. We are asked to puff the concern of an Imperial Montague Tigg. We are told it is a most profitable speculation, and that, if we will only take heart and sell out of the antiquated investments in which England has stored up the immemorial wealth of her honour, her reputation, and her liberties, we shall make a very good thing of it. Lord PALMERSTON offers to do the brokerage for us at the lowest possible figure. The French Empire, we are told, is a dividend-paying concern. Before, however, we pledge the solvency of England in it, it were well to inquire whether the dividend is paid out of capital. If we are to embark all that we value in the venture, we should at least satisfy ourselves that the speculation will last long enough to reimburse us.

When ARTHUR YOUNG visited France in 1787, he wrote that all the symptoms which indicated a great revolution were to be found impressed on the face of that country. It does not require the sagacity of ARTHUR YOUNG to discover the certain signs of instability in the present Government of France. The business of the State is conducted on principles which can only end, and that very shortly, in political bankruptcy. We have said that we do not mean to discuss this question on any ground in which the unimportant distinctions between right and wrong shall be involved—we say nothing, therefore, of the origin of the second Empire. But when we are asked to put our money into the concern, we are bound to see how its affairs are conducted. Englishmen ought to know enough of the practical mechanism of politics to make them pause before they embark their lives and their fortunes in a craft which is navigated on the principles of a Mississippi steam-boat, where the captain sits on the safety-valve, and throws the cargo of hogs into the furnace to get up the steam. The Government of LOUIS NAPOLEON has now existed more than six years. During that period fortune has favoured his rule beyond even the hopes of a fatalist. He has had prosperous seasons—a war glorious for France—splendid alliances; yet what is the situation of his Government, which we are asked to believe is strong in the confidence, and rooted in the affections of the French people? “What France requires is more repressive measures.” That is the doom of the Empire pronounced by the mouth of the EMPEROR himself. The Government, as it grows weaker, grows also more violent, till at last it has arrived at a period when it seeks security in measures which make every honest man in France tremble for his life. The recent law of “Public Safety” is nothing less than a revocation of the Edict of Nantes directed against the whole intelligence of the nation. The only condition under which the Empire can exist is a state of siege, imposed not only on the body but the mind of France. Such are the desperate expedients of men who find that their deep-laid schemes are breaking down under the unchangeable laws which, sooner or later, visit fraud and force with the retribution of weakness and ruin.

It was thought expedient at first to represent the new measures as originating out of the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier. For some reason or other, that aspect of the policy has been abandoned. We are now told, in a paper evidently penned by the EMPEROR himself, that the necessity of further schemes of repression had long been foreseen, and that the new law had long been resolved on. The attempt of January 14th, we are told in this official manifesto, was the occasion, and not the cause, of the Bill of “Public Safety.” This we believe to be the real truth of the matter. The Emperor has found his Government day by day growing weaker in public opinion, and he has found more and more that the increasing necessity of his rule is aggravated force. He has not even left Europe to draw for itself the moral of the appointment of General ERPINASSE. The confession is announced in set terms, that civil rights are no longer compatible with the existence of the Empire. The throne of the elect of seven millions,

after the lapse of six years, stands by his own avowal on the bayonet alone. He occupies, by his own admission, no inch of ground in France beyond the beat of his sentries. M. DE MORNY, in an elaborate harangue of which the object does not seem very obvious, and of which the prudence appears somewhat questionable, lays bare the isolation of the Government. It is no longer the “rouges” and the “révolutionnaires” whose crimes are paraded—it is the abstention of the educated and intelligent class which he puts forward as the pretext for the ever-increasing violence of the Government. The present measures, we are told, are “necessary, but they are sufficient.” Sufficient for how long? Only till greater weakness makes more violence indispensable. For the gloom of the last days of CROMWELL is fast gathering round the Ruler of France.

We confess, then, we do not like the security in which we are asked to invest. M. DE MORNY tells us the Empire rests on hereditary right. This title, which is somewhat doubtfully appropriated to a usurper, is established by the new legal maxim that hereditary right is founded on possession. Of what force this doctrine may be in the law of nations we do not pretend to decide, but we suspect that a London magistrate would hardly admit the hereditary right of a pickpocket to the watch he had priggled. At least, we think the legal advisers of the English nation would do well to consider the value of title deeds which are equally at the disposal of the next usurper who, by acquiring a new possession, will establish an equally good hereditary right. We say nothing of the morality of backing the luck of a man who has waded through slaughter to a throne; but if we are to engage in speculations of this description, we think it would be advisable at least not to put our money on a horse which has notoriously broken down.

We do not say that the imminent destruction on which the Imperial system is rushing ought to be any reason for disturbing or breaking off our friendly relations with our neighbours. But we shall do well to remember that the real policy of England is to be on good terms with the French people, and not with any temporary Government in France. As long as the existing system continues, there is no reason why we should not remain on a friendly footing, and act in concert for any object in which it is possible for two Governments founded on such different principles to concur. We have no wish to see the French alliance disturbed. But wisdom consists in estimating things at their just relative value. We are willing to concede something for an advantage which we do not deny, but we are not ready to sacrifice everything. There is such a thing as paying too dear for your whistle. We believe the extravagant flunkeyism by which it is thought necessary to purchase the favour of the French EMPEROR is wholly unnecessary and very unwise. As an eminent French statesman has remarked, “Quand il a tant de besoin de vous, pourquoi ‘ces caresses!’” If Englishmen would remember that the alliance is much more a necessity to LOUIS NAPOLEON than to England, they might be induced to act with a self-respect which in the end would prove true prudence. We do not want to preach a war of propagandism against the atrocious military despotism of France. We are quite willing to wait for the vindication which, sooner or later, the great principles of truth and of justice work out for themselves. We don’t even wish to see the farce which has been played out at Naples renewed at Paris. We are willing that the two Governments should conduct their international relations on an amicable footing without any interference of the one in the internal arrangements of the other.

But this is not what is asked of us. We are expected in our individual capacities to approve of a system which every Englishman ought to condemn. It is thought to be patriotism to purchase the adhesion of a Power branded with all the signs of an imminent and inevitable destruction, by the disavowal of every principle in which we profess to believe, and by a servile adulation of men whose characters we despise, and whose actions we abhor. We are asked to throw the weight of English public opinion into the scale of a precarious Government which barely maintains a blood-stained existence by the sword, against all that is immortal in the mind, and all that is permanent in the character of the nation which it oppresses.

We decline to do this. We will not say because it is not right—because it is not honest—because it is not brave; but on a ground of which even Lord PALMERSTON and his organ will admit the force—emphatically, because it will not “pay.”

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON THE  
EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER redeemed the wonderful exhibition of the PRIME MINISTER on the India Bill, but he seems to have as little regard for the honour of England in past times as the Government to which he belongs have for her honour at the present day. It seems to him a light thing to charge his country with having committed the greatest crimes in history, if he can thereby raise a little wind to fill the flagging sails of the Government Bill. The rabid Frenchman's "pyramid of English iniquity" is crowned by the invectives of a British Minister. Sir G. C. LEWIS "most confidently maintains that no civilized Government ever existed on the face of this earth which was more corrupt, more perfidious, or more rapacious than the Government of the East India Company from the years 1758 to 1784." Not the Government of VERRES in Sicily, not the Government of the Spanish Viceroy in Mexico and Peru, not the Government of ALVA in the Low Countries—no Government calling itself civilized that ever disgraced the sufferance of mankind, was worse than that of the greatest mercantile body of Christian England in its dominions in the East. The advocates of despotism and Jesuitism will hear with exultation, that though the sons of the true faith may have displayed more piety than morality in some of their dealings with the heathen, no monsters of inhumanity and treachery can be found in history greater than those which have been produced by Protestantism and freedom. They will point to the cruel and selfish spirit of commercial enterprise, as painted in the moment of unguarded frankness by its own friends, and congratulate themselves on their dark efforts to repress the energies of mankind.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER appeals, in support of his accusation, to the feelings of the generation living between 1758 and 1784. His evidence of their feelings is drawn from the declamations of BURKE, who was prompted by the personal malignity of Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, and carried out of himself by his furious indignation against a particular individual, in whom his perturbed and delirious fancy beheld the greatest enemy of the human race. The conduct of BURKE in the impeachment of WARREN HASTINGS was marked by extravagance, by exaggeration, by frantic attempts to break through the rules of evidence, by outbursts of indecent violence for which insanity would scarcely be too strong a name. Everything was distorted by an imagination which, when strongly excited, left truth far behind, and while it painted the Government of CLIVE and HASTINGS as a Government of wolves, lent the hues of a venerable, paternal, and pious rule to the social tyranny of caste, to the religion of Juggernaut, and the bloody anarchy which marked the declining empire of the MOGUL. Let us seek some calmer evidence of the feelings of that generation. Let us attend to the Lords who acquitted HASTINGS, to the Commons who rose in a body to honour the veteran brigand and assassin, to the general manifestations of public opinion which at last decisively turned against closet rhetoricians running down a man who had done great things. Let us hear one who, if any, was a cool observer, and who may be regarded as more than a fair witness, since all his theories and sentiments were opposed both to the commercial monopoly then enjoyed by the East India Company, and to their existence as an imperial power. ADAM SMITH published his last revised edition of the *Wealth of Nations* in 1786, just at the fatal period selected by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. He condemns the system of administration in India, on account of the incongruous mixture of commercial and political functions which since his time has been removed, and on account of the want of permanent connexion between the members of the Administration in India and the soil, which the Government measure has no tendency whatever to remove. But he then proceeds:—"I mean not, however, by anything which I have here said, to throw any odious imputation upon the general character of the servants of the East India Company, and much less upon that of any particular persons. It is the system of Government, the situation in which they are placed, that I mean to censure; not the character of those who have acted in it. They acted as their situation naturally directed, and they who have clamoured the loudest against them would probably not have acted better themselves. In war and negotiation the Councils of Madras and Calcutta have upon several occasions conducted themselves with a reso-

lution and decisive wisdom which would have done honour to the Senate of Rome in the best days of that Republic. The members of those Councils, however, had been bred to professions very different from war and politics. But their situation alone, without education, experience, or even example, seems to have formed in them all at once the great qualities which it required, and to have inspired them both with abilities and virtues which they themselves could not well know that they possessed. If upon some occasions, therefore, it has animated them to actions of magnanimity which could not well have been expected from them, we should not wonder if upon others it has prompted them to exploits of somewhat a different nature." This is the deliberate and balanced judgment of a lover of his kind and an enemy to all injustice, if ever there was one, standing aloof from party, and setting down nothing either in malice or in favour. He did not find all virtue and rectitude in India at a time when so much was vicious and corrupt at home. He found a mixture of good and evil, in which, by the progress of English religion and morality, the good has at length decisively prevailed. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER himself has written a book on the government of dependencies. In that book he shows clearly that he would be glad to be rid of our Indian empire, and points to the shortcomings of the Administration, which he ascribes mainly to a want of special knowledge of the country and people, now to be supplied by the topographer of Delhi. But he winds up with a just tribute to the character of a Government "which has of late years been, perhaps, the most benevolent which ever existed in any country."

On that "most benevolent Government" the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, by a convenient reversal of the ordinary judicial process, now calls to show cause why it should not be put an end to—the Ministry having been suddenly reminded of its existence, of which they were previously oblivious, by the occurrence of the mutiny in Bengal. No practical offence or obstruction on the part of the Company can be alleged. "I do not believe it possible to show that any vigilance on the part of the Directors in London could have guarded against the occurrence of the mutiny, or that, when it did occur, it would have been possible to repress it by measures more vigorous and rapid than those which have been taken." But though the utmost possible vigour and rapidity have been displayed, it is assumed, as axiomatic, by the exponents of the Ministerial case, that greater vigour and rapidity will be displayed when the conduct of affairs is vested absolutely in Mr. VERNON SMITH. No charge is brought, or only those vague and general charges which the nature of Parliamentary debate, precluding cross-examination, permits to be made, without the fear of being compelled to substantiate them by particular allegations. But we are expected to believe that the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of CONTROL, having, by his own admission, "thrown the reins on the neck of the Directors," finds his energies trammelled by the double Government in the same way that the War Minister found his energies trammelled by the awkward constitution of that department at the commencement of the Crimean war. We are expected to forget the declamations of Lord SHAFTESBURY and the Bishop of OXFORD, and of certain other enemies of the Company, who have demanded that the iniquitous system under which "Hindoos are treated as Britons" shall now be brought to an end. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER anticipates confidently that the system of religious toleration, and the conservative traditions of the Company—to which the author of the Essay on the Government of Dependencies is so strongly committed—will be maintained intact under the new administration. He knows well that, if he could prove this, he would not carry his Bill. He and his colleagues are leading to the destruction of the Company a mixed multitude of fanatics and malcontents, who are satisfied with a slight common pretext, having each a strong separate motive. And thus, with little jokes about cabs and river steamers, and the "Adventures of a Guinea," dies by the hand of a light tactician, and for his electioneering purposes, the greatest and most famous corporation the world ever saw.

The latter part of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's speech was taken up with fighting two shadows. Nobody doubts or denies that the East India Company has undergone many changes. It has been divested of its original commercial character, and has become a purely political corporation, unexampled perhaps, but admirably adapted for a purpose which is also unexampled. It has passed under the



control of the supreme Government, and under the full influence of English morality, without being involved in Parliamentary parties. But through all these changes it has not only remained the depositary of certain Conservative principles of government, but has retained a great amount of that respect which attaches to ancient institutions and ancient names, and upon which a large part of the habit of obedience to a government rests, as Sir G. LEWIS has well observed in the Essay to which we have before referred. "The East India Company," says the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, "has gone through as many changes as the 'Crown since the Heptarchy.'" And has not the Crown, through all those changes, carried with it a great amount of powerful sentiment and association? Would no spell be broken if the monarchy which, to use the Duke of ARGYLL's phrase, has been so long "tapering," were done away with, and its remaining authority vested in Mr. SMITH? The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's "light" is very clear, but too "dry" for questions of this kind. Again, we must protest that his opponents have never claimed that Hindostan should be administered as the property of any particular class of Englishmen, though some of his friends have. All that his opponents have said is, that the middle classes have fairly won the honour and glory of administering India, that the administration is instinct with their energy and spirit, and that there is no reason why it should be taken out of their hands and handed over (as handed over it will be, in spite of the precarious barrier of competitive examinations) to another class, which is very good in its place, but which has places enough elsewhere. Lord PALMERSTON is struck with infantine astonishment at the wonderful fact that an Empire should not only have been won by common commercial people, but actually left in their hands to be organized and administered after they had won it, and that by a civilized nation. Wonder is the beginning of science. Perhaps, if Lord PALMERSTON will be at the pains of investigating the curious phenomenon which has made so much impression on his mind, he will find that it is intimately connected with the deepest sources of English greatness; and that while other nations have gloried in producing great systems of centralized administration, we have gloried in producing great men and great associations of men, and allowing them freely to carry out their own work, even though it be the work of winning and governing an Empire.

The general incidents of what was on the whole a very poor debate—most of the leading speakers reserving themselves for the second reading—do not require much attention. The jocular trivialities of the PREMIER in proposing to overturn one of the greatest of English institutions must have struck shame into the men who sat by his side. What will posterity think of us when it turns to his speech for the reasons which condemned the East India Company to abolition? The brilliant sallies of Mr. WHITESIDE and Sir E. LYTTON BULWER told, though marred by those defects of delivery which furnished the PREMIER with his best point in summing up a debate on a change of Government for 150,000,000 of human beings. Sir CHARLES WOOD gave a faint support to his chief. If he is not still opposed to this act of folly, he is haunted by the spectre of his better self, pleading against Party Government for India in 1853. Mr. DISRAELI cut his own throat upon this question last summer, and could therefore bring no effective aid to that which, if the preservation of ancient institutions is Conservative, is the true Conservative side. The Government carry with them the Radical enemies of Conservatism in India, and the Conservative enemies of toleration. To these allies, combined with their own immediate followers, they owed a large majority, which will probably be diminished upon the second reading, and may perhaps fail them altogether on some important questions in Committee.

#### CAMBRIDGE MIDDLE-CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

THAT which is commonly, and perhaps justly, reputed the more sensible of the two Universities has determined that it will at least think twice before it proceeds to give degrees to persons who have not resided at the University or received a University education. Cambridge deserves the thanks of all true friends of education for this act of firmness. It will be unpopular at present; but if Oxford should find it necessary to back out of her A.A. degrees, it will be comparatively popular hereafter. Considerable allowance is

to be made for the old Tory University, which, having just broken the bonds of its Toryism, is amiably impatient to throw itself into the arms of the nation. Cambridge having always been more liberal, is naturally more discreet; and it is possible her sober determination may provide a retreat in case of need for her more enthusiastic sister. It is much to be regretted that the two Universities did not act together in the matter in the beginning. We are told, as an excuse on the part of Oxford, that "the consideration of the Middle-class Examinations happened to come before the members of the (Cambridge) Senate at a very inconvenient time, when they were occupied with internal questions of great importance which did not admit of postponement." It might have occurred to the projectors to wait till Cambridge was at leisure, but they no doubt thought not an hour was to be lost in conferring so vast and obvious a benefit on the world. If we are not misinformed, however, the Cambridge authorities did promptly communicate to the Oxford authorities their objections to that part of the plan which related to the A.A. degree, and received for answer that the Oxford authorities were already committed. About a fortnight, we believe, was the time consumed by Oxford in resolving on a most momentous change in the character of the University, and entrusting all the details connected with that change to an uncontrolled delegacy for three years. Considering the magnitude of the interests dealt with, and the great difficulty of recalling any false step, such conduct cannot in any event escape the charge of unfortunate precipitation.

It is a great thing that Cambridge refuses to commit herself to the A.A. degrees. But even as to the certificates, it may be doubted whether the University would not have done more wisely in first completing her internal reforms, and then proceeding more cautiously and tentatively to schemes of external extension. Certificates might have been given to persons intending to be schoolmasters of their fitness to teach, generally, or in special subjects. Candidates for the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons are now required to pass a previous examination in the subjects of a liberal education. This examination, which is already conducted by University examiners, might have been formally undertaken by the Universities; and similar arrangements might have been made for previous examinations of the same kind in connexion with other professional corporations. All this would have been definite and manageable, and the adequate machinery might have been readily provided. But to undertake to examine and grant a certificate to any and every boy throughout the length and breadth of the land who has had an education above that of a mechanic, is surely rather an extensive addition to the functions of the Universities, and one for which they will find it hard to provide machinery without diverting their energies too much from that which is their special and paramount duty to the nation. It seems doubtful even whether these general certificates are free from the particular objection which Cambridge has deemed fatal to the A.A. degree. They will carry with them a right of using the name of the University for any purposes the person bearing them thinks fit. It has been said the certificate will not be a title, but a document which must be kept in a drawer, and cannot be handed about and exhibited without ostentation. But, granting that nobody will be ostentatious, it would be easy to coin a title out of the certificate, and to display that title in quack advertisements, and wherever else it might be thought profitable or ornamental. What is to hinder the words "Certificated by the 'University of Cambridge'" from drawing clients to thievish pettifoggers or patients to murderous quacks, from smoothing the way for the social aspirations of Mr. TAWELL, or giving Mr. PALMER a favourable introduction to Mr. COOK? What will the University say when it sees its name paraded in filthy advertisements at the foot of disreputable newspapers, or figuring in a criminal calendar, without being able to say that it is unwarrantably employed? Any sharp boy may get a certificate, and there is no particular reason to believe that a sharp boy will prove an honest man. You have the guarantee of residence under university control for your own men, and if they turn out rogues you must be content to bear the shame; but in the case of these miscellaneous recipients of certificates you have no guarantee at all. In the Oxford statute, indeed, we do not observe any provision even for requiring common testimonials of character before admission to the examination, much less for depriving an A.A. of his degree, or withdrawing a certificate in case of subsequent misconduct.

All this may sound exclusive, and Mr. T. D. ACLAND, one of the great advocates of the scheme, has sent us some rather withering reflections on those unamiable persons "who regard it as the privilege of a few to be conscious of 'a separation from the vulgar herd.'" The institutions in which it is proposed to make an extensive change are as sensitive as they are important, and mischief, if done, cannot easily be repaired. It is desirable, therefore, to see very clearly what we are doing, and, for that purpose, to preserve our equanimity, and abstain from the use of irrelevant projectiles. Mr. T. D. ACLAND must be aware that the headlong proceedings at Oxford have excited alarm in the minds of many men whose position is perfectly independent of their Academical degree, and who would have no sort of objection to share that degree with the whole human race, if they did not fear (however unreasonably) that by vulgarizing it they may diminish its efficacy as a stimulus to high education. Distinction—as Mr. ACLAND will, on analysis, find—invariably involves exclusiveness; and distinction, in our sublunary condition, is necessary to induce men to make efforts which it is for the public interest should be made. Mr. ACLAND himself proposes to confine his degrees and certificates to those who have attained a certain standard, and, virtually, to those who belong to a certain social class—he does not propose to use them unreservedly as a means of cementing the universal brotherhood of man. He also institutes prizes, which, if we mistake not, involve the principle of exclusiveness in its most concentrated form. The question is, whether it is better for the general interests of education and the country that the qualifications for University titles should be high or low; and it is quite possible to advocate a high qualification on grounds perfectly disinterested, and perfectly consistent with a desire for the utmost attainable diffusion of knowledge and the utmost attainable equality between man and man.

The volume of explanatory documents which Mr. ACLAND has put out contains abundant proofs that the original idea had reference merely to the improvement of "commercial schools," the defects of which it was proposed to cure, or at least to varnish over, by examinations conducted under the direction of the Universities. From this the projectors have slid, without seeing very clearly where they were going, into A.A. degrees and general University certificates for persons not connected with the University. The scheme, as it appears to us, was virtually shunted soon after starting, by a Devonshire farmer, who may thus have been the unconscious author of a considerable academical revolution. "The names of candidates (for the West of England Examination) soon began to drop in, and questions which had been earlier started had to be finally disposed of—What candidates were admissible?—Were the prizes limited to school-boys?—Were grammar schoolboys admissible?—What was meant by a practical school, what by a commercial school? On the proposal to exclude grammar schools, it was acutely remarked by a shrewd farmer, that if the object was to improve the middle-class schools, it would be fatal to admit the principle that any school was too high in the scale of society for the prizes, for that in that case the most inefficient teachers would certainly shelter themselves under the plea of their superior gentility." The farmer's argument was held conclusive. And thus the principle of the scheme, from being limited to a particular class of schools supposed to be in need of a special temporary stimulus, was in a moment extended to schools with which the original object had no sort of connexion. The ardent benevolence which first received the names of candidates for an examination, and then proceeded to determine who should be eligible and whether the scheme should extend to all schools or be confined to a particular class, was displayed again in the Oxford legislation of last summer, and we confess that our mistrust of it is not removed by Mr. ACLAND's very well-meant, and by no means superfluous attempt "to give substance to the vague idea suggested by the title of Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford."

A question had occurred to our minds as to the legal competence of the Universities to confer degrees on unmatriculated persons. The titles given by the University under its legal powers are not like the titles assumed by travelling shopkeepers, or by private schools styling themselves colleges. They are genuine titles derived from a fountain of honour as real and almost as ancient as the Crown itself. The power of conferring them, therefore, must be exercised under restraints from which the creators of fancy titles are free. It will not do for her MAJESTY'S Mint to be coining Brum-

magem tokens. The practice of conferring honorary degrees at Commemoration may perhaps be cited as a legal precedent, though it is morally an entirely different affair. But we may give the Oxford authorities, with all their precipitation, credit for having considered so obvious a point. We have only therefore, in conclusion, to express once more our high respect for the motives of those who have so suddenly committed Oxford to this scheme, and our gratitude to Cambridge for being determined to deliberate further before entirely following their example.

#### THE HORSE GUARDS.

THE discussions of the week have disclosed such incredibly gross ignorance of India and of the existing Indian Government that surprise is out of the question at any misconceptions which prevail respecting the plainest bearings of the Bill under debate. If the suicidal folly which is having its way left room for amusement, one might smile at the arguments against divided responsibility. Declamation upon declamation against Double Government! and yet scarcely a sign of suspicion that the Department which will gain most by the extinction of the East India Company is the most flagrant and cumbrous specimen of a Double Government included in our administrative system. The Horse Guards has obtained by the force of circumstances two-thirds of the military patronage of India, and the India Bill gives the sanction of law to its acquisitions. The Horse Guards, through a Commander-in-Chief appointed in England, almost governs India, and the India Bill adds immensely to its weight in the government. Yet this very Horse Guards is the subordinate and irresponsible half of a Department so complex and irregular that, compared with it, the most unworkable of middle-age Constitutions has the symmetry of a Greek temple. But the different treatment applied to the Double Government of the Horse Guards and War Office, and to the Double Government of the Court of Directors and Board of Control, is only another proof that Lord PALMERSTON thoroughly understands what powers to defer to, and what powers to bully. The clue to his preferences is furnished by that virulent contempt for commercial bodies and commercial men, and, for what he was pleased to style the "middling classes," which he expressed in his speech of Friday week, and by the extraordinary tenderness for Crowned Heads *quand même*, which breathes through his apologies for the Alien Bill. That anybody, except from class-motives, should think the machinery of the Indian Department bad, and that of the War Department good, is simply impossible. The Vice-President of the Board of Trade sneered on Monday at the cabs and steamers—the *naves atque quadrigæ*—which carry the Indian despatches from Leadenhall-street to Cannon-row. We believe that communications are always taken from the Horse Guards to the War Office by a heavy dragoon on an over-weighted horse. The omen is worth accepting. Cabs and Thames-steamers are middle-class conveyances, not showy to look at, but efficient enough in their way. But a man deliberately selected to be too big for his horse has scarcely any uses, and only the graces of monstrosity. We will endeavour to show the impatience of the Horse Guards at any attempt to establish a proportion between the work done and the person who is to do it.

The War Department, a year or two since, opened the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers to general competition. Without professing ourselves zealots for the competitive system, we must admit that it was here applied at the best point, and that the corps selected were exactly those which, from their duties, composition, and rules of promotion, best admitted of being recruited by competition from without. The Engineers and Artillery are attached to the War Office as distinguished from the Horse Guards—the Ordnance, on which they originally depended, having been incorporated with the former department. No sooner, however, had competitive tests been established, than some power, probably external to the War Office, began to move heaven and earth to secure their displacement. One of the first symptoms of this interference was a series of trials, instituted with the view of showing that cadets selected by competition were, after all, not so much better than the nominees of the old patronage system. A certain number of successful competitors was matched against the same number of picked nominees, in an examination which was, on the whole, so arranged as to give a considerable advantage to the nominated cadets. The result was quite ludicrous. We are indebted to a daily contemporary for the information that, fourteen nominees



having in the last of these trials been examined together with fourteen competitive cadets, the highest nominee was ultimately placed *fifteenth* in the list. So decisive a contest put an end to this class of efforts on the part of the malcontent branch of the War Department; and the next step was in another direction. The pretence of judging the new system on its merits was discarded, and appointments to the Artillery and Engineers were summarily withdrawn from the sphere of competition. It has been just announced that cadetships in the scientific corps are now to be bestowed under what is pleasantly called the "nominated competitive" system. The Horse Guards will nominate to the Military College at Sandhurst, and the most successful of the students will have their choice, at the end of two years' pupillage, between a Commission in the Line and an appointment to the scientific corps. It is only just to add, that the Horse Guards at present professes to give a nomination to almost every single applicant for admission to Sandhurst. But let us inquire how the system will practically work?

In the first place, there is a direct discouragement to the general public in the two years' study required at Sandhurst. The period of probation is purely useless, since the cadets selected by competition have already shown themselves superior to those who, after a nomination, had received a course of special instruction. It simply distances possible competitors by adding to the expense of preparation, and, even where the outlay is of no consequence, it condemns them to a teasing pupillage at a place of education not hitherto renowned for the excellence of its management. Moreover, it is a very different thing for the parent of a youth who has seemed to disclose a capacity for the scientific services to have his fitness tested at once, and to have it tested after two years at Sandhurst. The effect of sending a youth to the Military College is to launch him irrevocably on the career of a soldier. It is very possible, however, that a father's willingness to choose such a profession for his son might depend altogether on the latter's succeeding to the non-purchasing service. If a student at Sandhurst misses an appointment to the Engineers or Artillery, he may still have a chance of a gratuitous commission; but the gratuitous commission may be a very doubtful boon, since, whatever be a man's social position, prudence will forbid his sending his son into a purchasing service if he has not the means of buying the higher steps. The new educational system of the Horse Guards tells, therefore, heavily against the very same class which will be so severely punished by the transfer of patronage occasioned by the India Bill. Gentlemen of station, but without command of ready money, are deprived of the access which they had just obtained to the scientific corps, first by the expense—for the two years' probation at Sandhurst is to be followed by two years' practical study at Woolwich—and next, by the postponement of the deciding trial. But the great and fatal defect in the scheme of the War Department is the facilities which it affords to bad faith. The Horse Guards asserts that it nominates every applicant; but still it nominates. Here is the screw to which any number of twists may be given at a more convenient season. In a few years, public attention may be withdrawn from this class of subjects; applicants of obnoxious politics or objectionable extraction may be refused for any reason or none; and nepotism and favouritism may be as rampant as ever. *Il faut qu'une porte soit fermée ou ouverte.* The Horse Guards is trying to keep the door of the army ajar.

#### THE RED SEA TELEGRAPH.

IF it were not for the facts, the East India Company would not have a word to say in reply to the fluent commonplaces which have been brought to bear against the Double Government. Lord PALMERSTON and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER have both demonstrated, with easy Parliamentary logic, that the present machinery is too complicated to work, and that the great emergency of the Indian mutiny can be combated only by a change of system. There is just one weak point in this argument; and that is, that the cumbrous machinery obstinately persists in working with the utmost efficiency, and is putting down the mutiny with a vigour and success almost unparalleled in our military history.

This is very unfortunate, no doubt, for the Government argument. The case was put so neatly and con-

clusively, that it is really very hard that it should fail just for want of facts to support it. As the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER most truly said, it is in moments of difficulty that we perceive the defects of our institutions, and it is then that a wise Government prepares to amend the clumsiness and inefficiency of the State machinery. The inference would be irresistible that now is the right time for remodelling the government of India, if it were not that the moment of difficulty, instead of revealing defects, has proved the extraordinary efficiency of the institutions which it is proposed to sweep away. Lord PALMERSTON was not more happy than Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS. It is impossible to deny his platitude, that checks and counter-checks ought not to be multiplied to such an extent as to paralyse the machine of Government. But the blows which have fallen on the rebels show that the arm of the Company is not exactly paralytic. Nothing, again, could be less pertinent than the PREMIER's reference to the Russian war. It is true that the expediency of reorganizing the military departments was brought into notice by the events of the Crimean campaign, and an immediate change was called for to enable the country to prosecute the war with promptitude, vigour, and success. The sort of parallel which exists between these events to which Lord PALMERSTON had the courage to refer, and the recent occurrences in India, is obvious. On each occasion there was a deadly struggle to be maintained. The Crimean and the Indian campaigns were both fought under the supreme direction of a Double Government. The War Office was consolidated in the midst of the contest, because the old machinery had proved inadequate. The Indian Government is in like manner to be revolutionized now, because its efforts have been crowned with splendid success. If there had only been a Balaklava in Hindostan—if the Commissariat would but have broken down—if a series of gross blunders had been committed by the India House to set against the mismanagement which was nobody's fault in the Crimea—the case of the Government would have been irresistible.

It is really very remarkable that, in a time of so much difficulty, not one instance of mal-administration has been laid to the charge of the East India Directors. The perverse preference of sailing ships for the conveyance of reinforcements is clearly not attributable to the Company, for it was a member of the Cabinet who propounded the ingenious theory that emulation would supply the place of steam. With the utmost desire to find fault, Ministers have not found a single error of which to accuse the Company. Mr. VERNON SMITH has done his best to help the Government through the embarrassment which the uniform efficiency of the recent Indian administration has occasioned. He very naively observed, in the course of the late debate, that the faults of the Board of Control, no less than those of the Directors, are arguments in favour of the Government scheme. In short, he found Lord PALMERSTON in want of some instance of mismanagement to point his argument, and kindly threw all his own blunders into the scale of the Company. Even this has been of little service to the cause, for the masterly policy of throwing the reins on the necks of the Directors has almost saved the Board of Control for the moment from the risk of miscarriage.

Still we think we can point out one effort of mismanagement, which, if duly transferred from Cannon-row to Leadenhall-street, and attributed to "the system" instead of to Mr. SMITH, may really be very useful to Ministerial orators. We have not quite forgotten the episode of the Indian telegraph. For some reason or other, no one has thought of urging this affair as a charge against the Double Government; and yet, if Mr. SMITH's faults are to be counted as the faults of the Company, there could not be a more telling accusation against them. There could scarcely be a better specimen of wilful blundering. Telegraphic communication with India would have been of incalculable value. In the height of the mutiny, a lucky accident placed a ready-made cable at the disposal of the Indian authorities. There were no difficulties in the way, because the necessary arrangements and contracts had been already made by a private Company for submerging the wire forthwith at the bottom of the Red Sea. What was asked of the Indian Government was that it should pay for the very thing which of all others it most wanted. The Directors, like men of business, jumped at the proposal, and without delay, assented, so far as they could do, to the terms which were demanded—a guarantee of 6 per cent. On the faith of this support, the Company put forth its prospectus announcing that the East India Company had consented to grant the required guarantee, and inviting subscriptions for the imme-

diate prosecution of the undertaking. A few days would probably have seen the cable on its voyage, when the project was suddenly nipped in the bud. The consent of Mr. VERNON SMITH was essential to give validity to the promised guarantee. No one doubted that it would be given as a matter of course, and the grant which the directors had consented to make was submitted to the Board of Control for their formal approval. Such an opportunity for defeating an enterprise of national importance does not often occur, and it was not thrown away. Instead of the expected confirmation of the grant, the Telegraph Company was favoured with an official rebuke for its audacity in asserting that the East India Company had consented to the guarantee, before the Board of Control had given in its adhesion. Whether it was from pique at the offence against its dignity or from some other and quite unintelligible motive, Mr. SMITH persisted in discountenancing the undertaking, and the opportunity of securing the Atlantic cable was irrevocably lost. With steady consistency, the same policy has been continued to the present time. The Atlantic cable is no longer available, but a renewed proposal for the construction of the line complete to Kurrachee, on terms similar to those granted to Indian railway companies, was submitted several months ago, and reiterated about the beginning of the present year. Warned by the consequence of their presumption on a former occasion, the managers of the Company have abstained from taking any further step until they are assured that the Board of Control is prepared to assent to the arrangement. But the Board remains obstinately silent, and Lord PALMERSTON assures the House of Commons that no definite proposal is before the Government.

Mr. VERNON SMITH, we presume, would regard these discreditable facts as valid arguments against the Double Government, which he treats as responsible for the faults peculiar to his own department. In truth, the Double Government has nothing to do with the delay and resistance which have been opposed to the undertaking. If troublesome negotiations between one department and another had been the source of the mischief, or if the necessary forms of Indian administration had been found too cumbrous to allow of a speedy decision, there would have been some pretext for such an argument. But the simple facts are, that a word from the President of the Board of Control would have sufficed to ensure the immediate execution of the line; and the enterprise has been delayed to the present time for no other reason than that Mr. SMITH (whether acting independently or under the control of the Cabinet we do not pretend to say) chooses to ignore the judgment of the Board of Directors, and to set his face against the scheme. It is obvious that the same perversity, which is displayed in spite of the Company, would have been exhibited if the Government of India had been already constituted on the model of Lord PALMERSTON'S Bill. The only difference would have been, that the feeble suggestions of a dependent Council would have taken the place of the remonstrances of the Company. It will be a strange way of facilitating Indian business, to make the obstructive department of the Double Government independent of the more energetic body with which it is now associated.

#### MISSIONS IN INDIA.

PETITIONS are, we observe, daily presented to Parliament in favour of a "Government recognition and encouragement of Christianity in India." We await with considerable interest the explanations which, in their places in Parliament, certain platform declaimers will give of these hazy commonplaces. In justice to themselves and to the high interests which they have at heart, the friends of Christian Missions are bound to go into details. We must know distinctly what it is that the local Government of India has done in the way of discouraging the preaching of the Cross—what it has not done that it ought to have done, in the way of the recognition of Christianity. If we go back to historical parallels, we can readily imagine an intelligible "recognition and encouragement of Christianity." We remember what the chosen people did with the Canaanitish abominations, and what BONIFACE did with the old Teutonic gods. Lord CANNING riding on a white horse and spearing the many-headed images of Vishnu would be intelligible. A decree from Fort William to raze all the Hindoo temples would be a thing not without precedents. And, if they would speak out, something of this sort is at the

bottom of the minds of not a few earnest and sincere religious people among us. India is given to us as a trust by God for one and only one purpose—to further His glory and to spread His name. We cannot and do not discharge our commission unless we "compel them to come in." If we are true believers, we must not only boldly proclaim whose we are, but we must hold no fellowship with worshippers of devils. Such was the burden of the Fast Day Sermons—such is the staple of Missionary meetings. We reproduce it in no spirit of scoffing, but because it is really the transcript of some very natural and even laudable sentiments of the religious mind. Nor is it any innovation in religious history. It is absurd to say that at the root of all the persecution and fanaticism which have desolated the earth in the name of the Gospel, there was not this kernel of earnest hearty zeal. The Spanish propagandism in South America, the Crusades, the persecutions of the Jews, the raids on the Covenanters—these cruel things were not done for cruelty's sake. They began very often—perhaps generally—in a deep sense of the blessedness of the Gospel, and in motives as pure, and as alien from the feelings of a mere persecutor, as those of the Church Missionary petitioners. It was simply because they had formed no definite plan that missions became persecutions. It is by no means clear that even MAHOMET'S plan of preaching ISLAM by fire and sword was, in like manner, not forced upon him by circumstances. And it is because we are disgusted by the scanty ears of the Indian harvest, that we are now calling for more active measures.

What we insist upon is, that people's minds should be cleared, and that they should form a distinct and positive conception of what is meant by "Government recognition and encouragement of Christianity in India." We have just pointed out one intelligible, logical, practical, and historical mode of turning this phrase into a substantial policy. Of course any such notion will be disavowed. We shall be taunted as scoffers and as lukewarm in the interests of Christianity for suggesting it. Our answer is, that at any rate we have never met with any other definite rendering of the formula. The petition of the Church Missionary Society, while expatiating in broad and general terms on the duty of giving a preference to Christianity, merely calls on the State to repress "anti-social evils which are mainly attributable to caste distinctions, public indecency in idolatrous rites, and a false standard in morality"—that is, as they briefly express it, all such practices as are "at variance with humanity or public decency." But in these generals lurks a very dangerous fallacy. We judge of humanity by a Christian and Occidental standard. The very first moral conception among ourselves is the growth of the Christian idea. But in India, a conception of humanity is positively deified which is revolting to our primary notions. What is sensual, and abominable, and inhuman to us, is divine to the Hindoo. Indecency and lust are a religion to the Oriental. In prohibiting, as we are required to do, all State recognition of inhuman rites, we practically persecute Hindooism. Throughout the whole history of the Oriental mind, the reproductive principle of nature has been deified. Hence the Lingam worship. Is it to be protected? If so, we discourage Christianity. Is it to be put down? If so, it is because it is contrary to our notions of humanity and decency. Are we prepared to interpret a Government recognition of Christianity in this sense? Yet this, again, would be a practical and intelligible conception of the duty of a Christian State. Caste distinctions, likewise, are anti-social to us; but they are the very essence of the social system of India.

Again, among the few definite suggestions which have been produced on the religious platform, one is, that the Bible should be introduced into all Government schools—and this at the very moment when both earnest believers in the Bible and their opponents are agreeing that to treat it as a mere literary work is alike impossible in practice and dishonourable to religion. It is not asked that the heathen pupils should be compelled to profess Christianity, but only that they should listen to the Bible. No earnest religionist values the letter of the sacred volume except for its sense; and if it is really meant that the Bible should be taught, this is a snare to the Hindoo. On the other hand, if it is meant that it should only be listened to, like the Homeric poems, and not believed, this is a dishonour to the Bible. No surer way of discrediting Christianity among educated Hindoos can be conceived than offering them the shell of our faith without a corresponding system of religious training and teaching. In some quarters, it is further urged that Christians should at least have the preference in Government



employment; and without the shadow of proof, now that the solitary case of the Sepoy convert at Meerut has been exploded, it is said that the reverse has been the practice, and that conversions have been sedulously discouraged. History furnishes instances of what has come of such a policy; and it is past a doubt that the fictitious conversions of crypto-Judeans in Spain would soon be paralleled by a crowd of placemen who would go to church on Sundays, and read and believe in the Vedas, if in anything, at home.

The fact is, those who clamour, honestly but ignorantly, for the introduction of Anglican Christianity into India under State authority, forget the actual history of Christianity itself. Christianity in the West has incorporated with itself the elements of the old heathen civilization and manners. The Christianity of Europe is made up of laws, feelings, habits, tendencies, and thoughts which it found alive and active in Occidental heathenism. The antiquarians who detect heathenism in the rites of Romanism, and who find Celtic or Teutonic elements in the creed of modern Europe, are quite right as to the fact; and it constitutes no real objection to Christianity. We at once admit it, and argue from it that, if there is to be a Christianity of India, it must in the same way grow fairly out of and absorb the elements of the national mind. Already there is a specific difference between the Churches and religions of the East and the West. Wherever Christianity is a natural growth, it has its logical, doctrinal, social *differentia*. It must develop and fashion itself out of the mind of a people—not be imposed upon it *ab extra*.

And herein is the weakness and the mistake of all recent missions. Missionaries, at least of late years, have forgotten that there is a philosophy in religion. They have sought to replace one set of thoughts, observances, and truths by another—forgetting that true religion is a growth. St. PAUL preaching at Athens assumed what was true of the Greek idea of religion, and built upon it; and so did the great school of Alexandria; but nine out of ten of our missionaries go to India utterly contemptuous, as all ignorant people are, of the knowledge and feelings of their hearers. Christianity assumed the extant world, and clothed with its own new life the humanity which it found living, acting, thinking, and reasoning. Buddhism and Hindooism are to be absorbed, not extirpated. It is the spirit of Christianity, living teachers, and the Gospel at work—not State patronage, which is but a disguised bribery—that must do this. The State in India must call upon missionaries to do their work in a larger spirit, with a bolder aim, with a more comprehensive grasp of man's nature, and with abler instruments. It argues a weak missionary spirit when the Missionary Society appeals to State protection, and complains of the absence of State encouragement and influence. The Government of India might much more justly retort the charge of incapacity and inefficiency on the missionaries. All that the Apostles claimed was to be let alone. And perhaps, in a searching inquiry into the duties which we have and have not discharged towards India, it may be found that the Church which has not confronted the intellectual philosophy of Hindooism with the best minds of Europe—which has thought it enough to meet the literature of Benares with broken-down city missionaries—which has pitted Scripture readers against the Vedas, and the Bible, and the Bible only, against the deep speculations of the Sankhya system—only attempts to conceal the humiliating proof of its own incapacity under an effeminate complaint of State discouragement.

#### THE MORTALITY OF THE ARMY.

THE Report of the Commissioners on the Sanitary Condition of the Army has revealed a state of things so deplorable and so startling that nothing short of the demonstration which is furnished by the ample returns embodied in the Report could have induced any one to believe in the possibility of these now unquestionable facts. As we proceed, we shall have occasion to point out how far even the figures furnished by the Commission fail to convey an adequate idea of the mortality of the army; and we should be only too glad if there were any pretext for doubting the accuracy of the returns which have been collected, and for setting the narrative down as a delusion or a wild exaggeration. But there is no possibility of evading the conclusion to which the Commission has come—that the health of the army, when quietly reposing in home-quarters, is far below that of any portion of the civil population. The Commissioners are certainly not alarmists, and their names are a sufficient guarantee that there has been no intentional over-statement of the truth. The laborious investigation, the results of which fill a Blue-book of 600 pages, is proof

that the inquiry has not been hasty or insufficient. The nature of the evidence, including, as it does, statistical tables which can scarcely be materially wrong, and which tell one harmonious tale of extraordinary mortality affecting in different degrees every portion of the army, altogether excludes the hypothesis of any considerable error. We are forced to accept the statements of the rate at which the troops are mowed down by preventable disease as facts too well established to admit of a doubt.

The soldier is enlisted at an age when the probability of life is not far from its highest amount. Every man in whom the slightest trace of future disease can be detected is set aside. In every sense the recruit is a picked life, and if his profession were not more injurious to health than the average occupations of the people, the number of deaths in the army, while in home quarters, free from the chances of war, ought to be much below the average of the whole population. The mortality should be still further reduced by the practice of invaliding those who show symptoms of permanent disease calculated to disqualify them for service. As the Commissioners quaintly observe, if every man likely to die could be invalided, the army would appear to be almost immortal; and in the same proportion that death can be anticipated by discharge, the rate of actual mortality in the ranks will be diminished. The materials for ascertaining the number of discharged invalids who die within the age of army service are very scanty, and the Commissioners have not attempted to exhibit this part of the mortality by any even approximate tables. They have no doubt exercised a wise discretion in confining their specific statements to facts which admit of no question, for these alone are enough to secure immediate attention to the subject.

After referring to the special circumstances which ought to make the mortality in the ranks during actual service less than that of the ordinary population, the Report gives returns which exhibit the comparative mortality of the army and of the rest of the country, without aggravating the results by any allowance for the original selection of lives and the subsequent discharge of invalids, which, if they could be estimated, would enormously increase the disproportion which the tables prove to exist. The annual number of deaths in the army on an average of fifteen years, from 1839 to 1853 inclusive, was in round numbers 8,000. The deaths in an equal number of the civil male population of the same ages throughout the country were only 16,000, and if the unhealthy districts are excluded, the deaths are still further reduced to 13,000. But some extra mortality must be expected from the casualties of war, and the injurious effects of tropical climates. For the purpose of excluding such special causes of death, the remaining comparisons are made between the army at home and civilians between the same ages. The number of annual deaths among a thousand men are stated as follows:—For the whole population 9·2; for the country population 7·7; for the army at home 17·5. In other words, soldiers die about twice as fast as they would do if they were as healthy as the ordinary population. The excessive number of deaths in the army, regarded as one body, is not the only surprising circumstance. Comparisons of the rate of mortality of the different classes of troops, show great apparent differences between them—those who appear to suffer most being the Foot Guards, the giants of the army, who are besides almost entirely saved from the injurious effects of service in unhealthy climates. The annual deaths per thousand in the Household Cavalry, the most healthy part of the forces, are 11, against 9·2 in the general population, 7·7 in the healthy districts, and 12 in Manchester, one of the unhealthiest towns in England. In the Cavalry of the Line, the deaths are 13·3 per thousand; in the Infantry of the Line, 18·7; and in the Foot Guards the proportion rises to 20·4—nearly three times as great as in the country population, and not far short of double the mortality of a town like Manchester.

The contrast between the health of soldiers and civilians is still further exhibited in the Report by comparisons with different classes of the people. In all cases, the soldier appears at a greater or less disadvantage. Neither agricultural labourers nor mechanics engaged in out-door or in-door occupations, nor night printers who work six nights out of seven, nor policemen who have their regular eight hours of night duty for a week together, nor even miners, die so fast as the healthiest part of the army. The mortality of the Guards is 3½ times as great as that of agricultural labourers who are members of Friendly Societies, and very nearly twice as great as that of miners. Even the Household Cavalry are slightly worse off than miners, and about 1½ times as unhealthy as the class of agricultural labourers before mentioned. These facts are bad enough, and yet the real truth must be much worse. There are more men discharged as invalids than actually die in the ranks. A very large proportion of these may be presumed to die before they arrive at the age when they would, in the usual course, be entitled to their discharge. The Commissioners call attention to the fact that the tabulated rates of mortality, formidable as they are, represent a part only of the loss annually caused in the ranks of the army by disease. They rightly add, that to institute a fair comparison of the effects produced on average health and life by military service, as compared with civil occupations, an estimated amount of mortality should be added to the army rates for those who, from sickness or conscious inability, do not offer themselves, or who are rejected on examination at enlistment; and the deaths of invalids and pensioners should also be transferred to the army rates from the civil rates, in which they are now included. Even without these corrections, it is necessary to have recourse to the most unhealthy trades to

find a rate of mortality approximating to that which prevails in the army. How much worse would the condition of the troops appear if there were the means of applying the corrections necessary to furnish a fair comparison! We doubt whether the terms, forcible and accurate as they are, in which the Report refers to the unestimated deaths of invalided soldiers will produce an impression at all approaching the truth. A rough, but only a very rough, estimate of the amount of disease, the effects of which are excluded from the tables by the practice of invaliding, may be formed from the returns obtained by the Commission. The proportion per thousand who die and are invalided annually in the different branches of the service is thus stated:—

	Deaths.	Discharges.
Household Cavalry . . . . .	11	15.2
Cavalry of the Line at home . . . . .	13.3	20.9
Foot Guards . . . . .	20.4	15.9
Infantry of the Line at home . . . . .	18.7	20.8

The ordinary term of service within which this number of discharges takes place is twenty-one years for the Infantry, and twenty-four for the Cavalry. It will not, perhaps, be a very erroneous guess to assume that invalided men have, on an average, about ten years of service still unexpired. If we could ascertain how many of these invalids die within ten years from their discharge, we should know about how much we ought to add to the army rates of mortality on this account. The only evidence which gives any clue to the mortality of invalids is that of Sir Alexander Tulloch, who states that among the temporary pensioners nearly twelve per cent. die annually. If this may be taken as a rough approximation to the rate of mortality of discharged soldiers generally, and if we further assume that the chance of death is equally distributed over the ten years which our average estimate should cover, we have data sufficient to determine what proportion of invalided soldiers die within the army ages. A calculation not very complex, but rather too long for our pages, shows that, on the data we have assumed, about six-tenths of the discharged invalids would die within ten years. We do not give this as a result to be relied on, or even as a very close guess, but rather for the purpose of indicating generally the importance of this part of the inquiry. In order to keep within bounds, let us suppose that half the invalided men die before the expiration of their term of service. We should then have to correct the tables by adding to the deaths per 1000 in the Household Cavalry, 7.6—in the Cavalry of the Line, 10.4—in the Foot Guards, 7.9—and in the Infantry of the Line, 1.4. This would make the table stand as follows:—

	Deaths per 1000.
Household Cavalry . . . . .	18.6
Cavalry of Line . . . . .	23.7
Foot Guards . . . . .	23.1
Infantry of Line . . . . .	20.1

It is not at all necessary to enter into calculations of this kind to show that a frightful rate of mortality exists among the troops. It is certain that a large addition ought to be made for the deaths of invalided men, yet, even without any such addition, they appear to be more unhealthy than the most unfavourably situated labourers. But it is more important to allow for these extra deaths on another account. The proportion of men invalided in the different branches of the service is very different, and the relative mortality of Horse and Foot, Guards and Line, would be materially varied by including those who die after discharge as well as those who die in service. Thus, the above table shows that if half the invalided men die before they would in due course be discharged, the real mortality in the Line, instead of being less than in the Guards, would be somewhat greater. This may not be the actual state of the case—the deaths of invalids may be less than we have supposed, and a further correction would have to be applied for the circumstance that the invaliding in the Line is for the most part at a later period of service than in the Guards. But it is important to keep in mind the possibility that, as between the different branches of the service, the proportions of deaths might be reversed if all the necessary facts could be positively ascertained. At least it may be said that the comparative mortality of the various portions of the army would be likely to appear in a very different light if our statistics were complete. If this consideration is set aside, and if the rates of mortality in the ranks are assumed to be a certain measure of the relative sanitary condition of the Guards and the rest of the army, there is some danger lest an over-hasty inference may be drawn from this circumstance as to the principal causes which have induced so terrible a mortality among the troops. This much at any rate is certain—that besides any specially injurious influences to which this or that corps may be exposed, there are sources of disease common to the whole army of a more fatal kind than those to which the worst fed, worst clad, worst housed, and most hardly-used classes of labourers are exposed. We may be sure that no service or circumstance which is peculiar to one part of the army will suffice to account for the whole of the evil, although the greater intensity of any injurious influence among the class of troops who appear to suffer most may be good reason for attaching to it a corresponding degree of importance. But the root of the evil, or of much of it, must be something that extends to the entire army, and no facts of partial application can be accepted as the true explanation of the mystery.

In a future article we shall notice the various causes assigned for the high rate of mortality in the army, and the reforms which the Commissioners have suggested as the means of restoring it to a sound sanitary condition. The leading facts to be kept steadily in view, besides the great excess in the mortality of soldiers over civilians, are, that the Cavalry are decidedly more healthy than the Infantry, and the Household Cavalry the most healthy of all. Whether the Guards or the Line are really the greater sufferers from disease, may be somewhat doubtful. More Guardsmen die, but more of the Line are invalided. But the contrast between the Cavalry and the Infantry, as exhibited in the tables, is such that it can scarcely be counterbalanced by any conceivable difference of mortality between the invalids of the two branches of the service. The causes to be sought for are therefore such as, in the aggregate, fall more heavily on the foot-soldier than the horseman—perhaps most heavily of all on the Foot Guards—and which certainly affect the Household Cavalry less than any other part of the army, though still severely enough to place them in a very low position in the sanitary tables of the different classes of the population.

#### JOCULAR POLITICS.

WHEN a man has got to write a letter, or despatch, or leading article on a subject of which he knows nothing, what is he to do? It will be found on reflection that, although there are other subordinate and imperfect modes of evading the difficulty in which he is placed, the only two really easy and practicable modes are to be moral or to be funny. The first is far the easiest, and, if the readers are suitable, is unobjectionable. But so many readers think they can do their morality for themselves, that an ignorant man has often got no choice, and must be funny at all hazards. It is not very hard work, when the writer can once force himself to begin, and we know, by the experience of "our pleasant contemporary," that jokes will come when they are called for. It is seldom that the *Times* suffers itself to get entirely into the vein of jocular ignorance, but it often makes approaches more or less close to the style, and every now and then it resigns itself, without a struggle, to what, it must be owned, is a temptation to an idle epigrammatist. Ordinarily it confines its facetiousness to speaking of a class by a comic representative name, as when it sums up precise commanding officers under the soubriquet of "General de Tape;" but usually its articles depend on their general handling of the subject and on liveliness of style rather than on mere funny writing. Last Thursday, however, there was an exception. A writer found himself in a regular fix. He had got to knock off an article on Schleswig-Holstein. He evidently felt driven to bay, and he turned round in despair, and took the purely *Punch* view of his subject, and trusted to the effect of the greatest number of bad jokes he could think of. In any other publication we should rather respect the gallantry of the effort than criticise the result. But when the leading journal of Europe can find nothing to say about a very nice question of international politics, except to put the joke of its taking up the subject at all in several ludicrous forms, we may naturally examine what is the sort of effect which the jocular politician produces.

The main thought that the writer depended on was one evolved out of his own self-consciousness. He felt that he did not care a button for Denmark, or Schleswig-Holstein, or Germany. Why should he? He knew nothing about them, and thought it no great shame to be ignorant of the minor politics of the Continent. It seemed a joke that the Continent should have any minor politics. Of course, in his serious moments, the writer would allow that people may be sincerely and even rationally interested in matters that affect their own welfare and honour, although an English journalist is indifferent to them. But amongst Englishmen the joke might go down of the absurdity of persons caring for matters with which Englishmen are unacquainted, just as it is thought the height of wit and taste in China to speak of the rest of the world as outside barbarians. The subject of the article was the present relations of Germany to Denmark with regard to Schleswig-Holstein, and it is not difficult to understand that persons who live in the regions affected should think the question one that requires anxious discussion and a careful solution. Perhaps it would be possible to find an English parallel, which, if not really very close, is close enough to illustrate the point at issue for the benefit of persons who are never satisfied unless a foreign question is submitted to them in an English form. After the Duchy of Normandy became a part of France, the French king might have urged some reasonable claims to the Channel Islands. Their inhabitants were essentially French. They belonged by origin, manners, and traditions to Normandy—to a part of France, not to England. At any rate, if the sovereignty of the English Crown was not disputed, the French King might have thought himself entitled to remonstrate if customs and privileges which those islands had long enjoyed as parts of the Norman community, were invaded and violated. As a matter of fact, these claims were never made, for the simple reason that the English fleet prevented them being effectually urged. The Germans can, as we know, march into Schleswig-Holstein, and they can, as we also know, be made to march back again, so that both the making and the rejecting claims regarding these Duchies have a sufficient reality to bring them within the sphere of actual life.



We do not pronounce any opinion whatever as to the merits of the question, but it is easy to imagine that the Germans, who protect as they think an inherent part of Germany, and the Danes who maintain the rights of the Danish Crown, should take a genuine interest in the particular point at present disputed, whether a new constitution can be made by the Danes for the whole of Denmark, including Schleswig-Holstein, and that both sides should have many serious and excellent arguments to urge.

But the jocular writer was not to be driven into the niceties of the dispute. He sets out bravely and ingenuously. "What," he asks, "is the Germanic Bund?" and after a little palavering, he answers the question. "The Bund is a mysterious, half-fabulous phenomenon. It is like the last Urus in his Lithuanian forest; the last Mammoth splashing about in his Siberian mud-bath. It is like that Saurian of the main, half fish and half lizard, which captains, when half seas over, are wont to meet going in the wind's eye at the rate of ten knots an hour, and which no ship can ever hope to overhaul." "Yes," continues the funny writer, as if to reassure himself, "the Germanic Bund is like the sea-serpent." This is his contribution to public enlightenment on the Schleswig-Holstein question. He feels that the English world ought to know the nature of the contending parties. There is nothing particular to say about Denmark, but Germany and Germans are a standing joke. So he approaches the subject by putting together several things which the Germanic Confederation is rather like, and at last settles on the one which he thinks it is most like. It is like a Urus, and it is like a Mammoth, but it is uncommonly like a sea-serpent. This preliminary point settled, he proceeds to argue from the analogy. The Confederation, he informs us, is about to seize on part of the contested territory, which, if true, would be a very serious thing—at least to the people who live in those parts, and have not merely to write about them in London. But the writer does not trouble himself to go into the graver consequences of the proceeding, because he can prove that it is *ab initio* absurd and argumentatively a joke. And this is established in the following way:—The Bund is a sea-serpent, as he has shown above; now Holstein and Lauenburg, the places threatened, are, as the Germans say, parts of Germany, therefore if the Bund seizes them it will be biting its own tail. "The Bund," he says, "is going to war with Denmark. Having exhausted all its notes, and exhibited its ultimatum, it is going to seize Holstein and Lauenburg; in other words, it is going to bite its own tail." The funny man has got the Bund into a fix, and we do not see that it has any other logical method of escape, except by going back to the beginning, and denying that it is a sea-serpent.

But it was just possible that readers who heard of the approach of so momentous an event as the outbreak of hostilities between two nations not very remote from us, and both in many ways connected with us, might wish to know something of the origin and the rights of the quarrel. The writer saw the danger, and determined to avoid it, not by satisfying the thirst for information, which is always a laborious task for an ignorant man, who dare not draw on his imagination, but by insisting that this particular subject is one on which any man of wit and fashion would be ashamed not to be ignorant, so that to give information would be a positive insult to readers, and be as much as telling them that they were not as easily bored as their betters. "The two words, Schleswig-Holstein," he says, with a playful medley of allusions, "are the Shibboleth, the Cabala, the Abracadabra of politics." A man must be a disbeliever in the first principles of right and wrong who pries into the subject after this warning; and it is continued even more forcibly—"The Oracles of Delphi and Delos, the dark riddles of the Sphinx, the Cave of Trophos, and the mystic rites of Samothrace, contained nothing so appalling to the ancient world as the horrors inspired by 'Schleswig-Holstein' to the modern mind." What a swing there is about the sentence, what an appropriateness of language. We seem to be carried out of the dull region of ordinary politics, and to be reading once more the *Bulwer* of our youth!

After a succession of similar sparkles of wit—after stating that, at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein war it was the ordinary custom to recollect an engagement at the Bank, or "to tell Mr. Botherby that I shall not be at home for some weeks," if any one attempted or threatened to speak on that unfortunate affair—the writer breaks off into another paragraph, and exclaims, "But we forget the Bund." It would be much the same thing to the Bund and to the rest of the world if he had never recurred to it. As all he has got to offer is the great sea-serpent theory; and as the only argument to be extracted from that theory is the position that if the Bund does not take care it will bite its tail, there is no reason why, as a gentleman of good breeding, and capable of feeling *ennui*, he should pursue the subject, except that the exigencies of his profession compelled him to make his article extend to a certain length. So he goes on, and takes the Danish side of the question, in very much the same strain as he has begun. We repeat that we regret to see subjects of Continental politics handled in this way in the *Times*. In the first place, it must be needlessly galling to foreigners to find that they are treated as jokes and bores, because they take up very seriously questions on the issue of which they are ready to stake their lives. In the next place, the conceit and self-complacency of insular ignorance is a bad thing to encourage in the public. Of course it would be absurd to treat the Schleswig-

Holstein dispute as if it was of equal importance with a Paris revolution; but if Englishmen are invited to enter on the subject at all—if they cannot be persuaded to regard the policy of a nation like Germany as if it were the policy of a tribe of Tartars—they require to have the matters in dispute put quietly and candidly before them.

#### CHURCH RATES.

THE Church-rate question was settled, not as the newspapers, in pean or jeremiad, are screaming, on Wednesday afternoon, but nearly two hundred years ago. King William's Toleration Act settled this and other matters which have not yet appeared on the Statute Book. As soon as the principle of equal civil rights to the Dissenters was conceded, Church-rates and such ecclesiastical imposts were doomed to death. It is only a curious proof of the tenacity with which the English spirit clings to its forms that they have survived. There is not a shadow of defence for making any man pay for a religion his conscientious dissent from which has been legalized. Nor is it any objection to this view of the religious change which attended the Revolution, to say that by it Dissent was only tolerated, not established. For all practical purposes, the principle was established, that no man was bound to conform to a religion which he disliked. And, practically, he must conform to a religion if he is made to pay for supporting its offices. It is a patent wrong to say that a man is protected by the law in doing whatever he pleases against the Church—that he is free to oppose it, to preach against it, to depart from it as a synagogue of Antichrist, and by tongue and pen to do his best or his worst to weaken and confute it—and all this is the principle of Dissent, whatever may be the contrary and more charitable practice of its adherents—and at the same time to say that he shall support it by his purse. This is the real justification of the Anti-Church-rate crusade, though its heroes are too prudent or too reticent to avow it. Neither Sir John Trelawney on the one hand, nor the defenders of Church-rates on the other, placed the question on its real issue. Lord Robert Cecil nearly let out the whole truth when he said that the abolition of the impost was equivalent to a separation of Church and State—a question which we also beg to state was settled in 1689. On this ground he objected to the Bill; but we say rather that the Bill is the legitimate corollary of the Act of 1689, which in point of fact involved, sooner or later, the separation of Church and State. Either we must go back and reverse the Toleration Act, and then Church-rates are clearly defensible; or if we are not prepared for that little step, we must make up our minds even to this contingency. But is it a contingency? It is, we believe, a view of the disciples of Swedenborg, that the day of judgment has already past without any consciousness on the part of mankind. What if we are, in a somewhat parallel way, alarming ourselves about a separation between Church and State, which for all practical purposes has long been an accomplished fact? It would perhaps be difficult for anybody to say in what, except as a phrase, the connexion between Church and State now consists.

We confess, therefore, to small sympathy with the arguments urged in the House of Commons either for or against Sir John Trelawney's Bill. In the way of dishonesty, perhaps, the introducer of the Bill has an advantage. To proclaim that the impost was objectionable because it was merely a poll-tax, and not levied on property, and then to ask for the votes of the country party because the relief, being given entirely to the land, might be accepted by the landlords as a set-off against the repeal of the Corn Laws, was a piece of Parliamentary audacity which could only have been ventured on by a leader who knew that he had the game in his own hands. It was nearly equalled, but certainly not surpassed, by the suggestion of Sir George Grey, that the efficiency and dignity of the Church would be best consulted by compelling it to levy a prohibitory duty on its services in the way of pew-rents. The Church has equal reason to suspect the tender mercies of its enemies and the smothering embraces of its friends. We are reluctant to believe that a poor vicar will find much consolation from the fruits of Sir John Trelawney's zeal, when he has only a tenant farmer's liberality to fall back upon for rebuilding his church; while, on the other hand, the ingenuity of man could not have devised a plan for more effectually keeping the middle and lower classes out of Church, than to compel them to pay for attending its services. On neither side, in other words, are the interests of the Church really consulted. Political persons are careless of their arguments, for it is their interest to see the question settled; and the easiest way of disposing of the knot is to cut it. Mr. Beresford Hope thinks, and perhaps he is right, that the ordinary course of nature—the dissolution of fibre—is quietly disposing of the tangle; but place-holders, as well in *posse* as in *esse*, are ready enough to dispose of it more summarily. The Tories must be glad to get rid of the difficulty before, if ever, they are installed in Downing-street; and Sir George Grey, sighing he will never consent, consents to the pleasant violence of the Cornish baronet. His compromise looks only like a decent excuse for surrender.

Has the Church of England any substantial reason to regret the abolition of Church Rates? Not if she is true to herself; and she is only true to herself when she submits to, or welcomes, the necessity of considering establishmentism as but an accident of her essential character. No religious body which respects

itself ought to stickle for gifts which are other than of the willing mind; and it can only be with a sense of shame that a Churchman accepts the extorted taxes of the Dissenter. And the abolition of Church Rates must be attended by important consequences. That dim and vague tradition, the Parochial system, must now be reviewed. If Dissenters are relieved from the burthen of contributing to a church from which they conscientiously separate, they must relieve themselves from the unnatural duty of interfering with the internal affairs of that church. If Churchmen alone are to pay for their church, it follows, upon the plainest principles of social morality, that Churchmen alone are to administer their own funds. A Dissenting churchwarden now becomes a contradiction in terms, and is a moral monster as inexplicable as would be the parish vicar acting as deacon in the Independent congregation. The great principle of religious freedom is vindicated in the abolition of Church Rates; but religious freedom is a two-edged sword, and it remains to be seen if Dissent is to be as liberal to the Church as the Church is, whether on compulsion or not, liberal to Dissenters. Neither must interfere with the other.

All that is urged in defence of Church-rates is the argument *ad misericordiam*. It will be a terrible thing for our old churches to fall down, and a scandal to burthen the poor vicar with the cost of repairing or rebuilding his church. There is no denying it; and if the worst comes to the worst in those few cases where the landowners, farmers, or shopkeepers have no sense of decency—and where the parson, already exhausted by the schools and local charities, has been drained of his last drop of blood—the church must be either closed or must fall down. Be it so. In such a place, the existence of the material fabric where the spiritual building has departed, is nothing more than a mockery. A parish of Christians, so called, who will let this come to pass, are not fit to have a church. And as for the poor in such places, the Church of England must do what the Church has done before, and is doing every day in the colonies and in America. It must fall back upon its missionary character. When the land has relapsed into such practical heathenism, religion must act as it does with other heathens. Somehow or other, it has ministered and yet ministers in the wilderness; and the extreme case supposed only falls under a class which precedent has dealt with. Flung back upon its own energies, the necessity will bring out the spirit, or we much misinterpret that self-reliance and principle of expansion which in every quarter, almost in every parish of England, is building new churches, and restoring, not without sumptuousness, old ones. If the popular organs are complaining of the lavish, but voluntary, expenditure of Churchmen on church building and church restoration, it is inconsistent to draw a picture of all our village churches falling down for lack of Church-rates.

Nor is Mr. Drummond's argument worth serious refutation, that a Christian State is bound to maintain Church-rates. It might be questioned in what sense the State is Christian—certainly not in that sense in which it is understood that it is the duty of the State to provide the ordinances of religion for its subjects. If, by its Christian profession, it is bound to provide for the fabrics of the churches, it is bound to provide a great deal more—it is bound to exact a creed, a ministry, and all the ordinances of religion. It must exact a tax for the support not only of the Church, but of the clergy. To be consistent, we must give the bread as well as the stone. The theory of Church and State goes to this extent, or it amounts to nothing. And such is the simple fact. We have long since abandoned that theory, and therefore Church-rates are doomed.

#### REASON AND FANCY.

WE have more than once directed the attention of our readers to the strange extravagances which find credit among a considerable class of people in the present day, who believe that they receive revelations of various kinds through the medium of rappings, scratchings, apparitions, and other communications, which proceed, or are supposed to proceed, from what is described as the "spirit world." Some of them may possibly remember how "an aged female relative" entered into a gentleman's arm-chair and debated points of law with him all the evening, and how the wife of the writer who recorded this remarkable phenomenon expressed her own conviction—as the result of much spiritual intercourse—that Insanity was "from the inner," and Idiocy "from the innermost." Such utterances are in themselves so ludicrous that, if they were true, they would prove only that excessive folly is not peculiar to this life. Whilst spirits confine themselves to talking more or less grotesque nonsense, they can only expect to be laughed at, whether in the body or out of the body. When, however, we have ceased to laugh, a problem still remains, which it is by no means very easy to solve. After allowing for any possible quantity of folly and falsehood, it is still a curious question why such a mass of folly and falsehood should take this particular form. That a single individual should tell an absurd story about his grandmother's ghost warning him to buy into a particular stock by rattling the sugar-tongs against the salt-spoon, is in accordance with all our experience of the fantastic and crack-brained side of human nature. But it is curious to examine the state of mind in which a man, giving his name, informs the world that he himself, his wife, and other members of his family, together with fifteen other people in all ranks of life,

have ascertained that, if they will only sit quiet, their hands will begin to write, to play music, and to draw various kinds of pictures, though their owners had no previous artistic or musical knowledge, and that the hand in doing so is not in the least under the control of the will, but, on the contrary, is a merely passive instrument of some power external to themselves. Strange as all this is, it is a prosaic and highly-compressed account of the communications which a Mr. W. M. Wilkinson has chosen to make to mankind in an elegant little volume called *Spirit Drawings*. The book, apart from its supernatural machinery, is not wild, nor is it even particularly fantastic. It reads like a dull and rather unctuous sermon, stuffed with texts, and tinged with a sort of incipient mysticism about flowers being the expression of Divine Love and similar topics, which are equidistant from Mr. Dickens on the one hand and Mr. Spurgeon on the other. We need hardly guard ourselves against being supposed to attach the slightest importance to Mr. Wilkinson's story. Without any disrespect to him, we simply do not believe it. It belongs to the class of well authenticated ghost stories which, we need hardly say, deserve a prominent place amongst social nuisances. Is there any one so fortunate as not to know some one else whose friends have seen visions, dreamed dreams, or observed mysterious coincidences? Such things are familiar to us, and sensible people are as impervious to them as a duck's back is to water. Though there may be a certain number of exceptions, the great majority of educated men treat such stories as the Priest and Levite treated the man who fell amongst thieves. To appeal to evidence in their favour is like appealing to first principles against an Act of Parliament in a Court of Justice. Men may play with them, scrutinize them, laugh at them, discuss them, but they never believe them. We fully approve, and invariably adopt, this course; but it is not uninteresting to consider why we do so, and why people like Mr. Wilkinson, who writes moderately, and in some points of view rationally enough, do not.

The course which we, in common with the majority of the world, adopt, and which, to believers in the mysteries to which we are so inattentive, appears not only unreasonable but all but impious, is justified by the very simplest considerations. In the first place, no one who is at all conversant with the proportions and varieties of human mendacity, will deny that it may be safely assumed that an enormous proportion of the stories to which we refer would turn out, on examination, to be simply false. No man's credit stands high enough to entitle him to belief without examination when he tells us a very unlikely story, and hardly any man is credible enough to make it worth while, under such circumstances, to examine his evidence. The old story of Sir Walter Raleigh's three informants about the scuffle which happened under his window, all of whom differed from each other and from his own observation, is daily repeated in every court of justice in the land. There is thus an enormous antecedent probability that any labour expended upon investigating particular stories of this kind would be simply thrown away. If they ended in detecting a cheat, they would prove nothing of any importance whatever in a scientific point of view. But whilst the investigation of evidence upon these subjects is a task so uninviting to any one who would be competent to undertake it, it is no less true that even if the stories were verified, the results obtained would be almost valueless. Even after we had performed the difficult task of discriminating between inferences and facts—and after we had ascertained beyond all reasonable doubt that a man's hand wrote a number of connected sentences without the intervention of any volition of his in the matter, or that a person had seen a white figure enter his room, and had received from it certain information which afterwards turned out to be true—what should we have learnt? Simply, that at certain times and places, very odd things had taken place. Our knowledge would not be materially increased—our modes of thought and action would not be altered—we should have learnt nothing worth knowing, until a sufficient number of such occurrences had happened to enable us to form some general conclusions about them. It would certainly be a curious, and we will not say that it would not be a useful proceeding, if any one of a scientific turn of mind, and of competent powers of observation and comparison, would study phenomena of this kind, not in a fragmentary but in a systematic manner; but till this is done, the stories of the night side of nature will never rise above the rank of the miraculous cures for toothache, the monster gooseberries, and the showers of frogs which occasionally enliven country newspapers. There are innumerable curious things in life to which we cannot afford to pay any more than a passing momentary attention, simply because they stand alone and are not connected with any known rules or principles. The human tripod was a very odd thing—so was the pig-faced lady. Some years back a gentleman maintained that in his youth he had been cured of consumption by eating cherries, and after his death traces of tubercles were found in his lungs. Not long ago there used to be several ghosts in the Tower, and we have heard of another which (probably from a laudable curiosity) had lodgings in Printing-house Square. If all these stories were equally true, they would be equally odd, and about equally useful in the present state of our knowledge. To a scientific inquirer they might be important—to the mass of mankind they are, and for the present they must continue to be, mere impertinences if false, and unmeaning anomalies if true. In either case we may well be excused for utterly refusing to enter-



tain the question of their truth; nor can any one who has had ordinary experience of the extent of human absurdities, and of the immense evils which result from credulity, be blamed for believing that if properly sifted they would all appear to be founded in falsehood, as they certainly produce nothing but nonsense.

Mr. Wilkinson's book deserves notice because it shows how incapable people of average understanding, neither ignorant nor apparently extravagant, often are of looking at subjects of this kind from a scientific point of view. Mr. Wilkinson is, we believe, a Swedenborgian, which may account for his individual speculations. He begins with a story about the communications which he received from his deceased son (a boy of twelve) about all sorts of spiritual matters; and he not only receives as absolute truth whatever comes to him through that channel, but instantly applies it as a sort of key to the Bible. He constructs at once, out of passages which most people regard as extremely obscure and mysterious, a system of what we may call angelology, embracing all manner of questions about heaven and hell, good and evil, the resurrection of the body, the communion of saints, and much else. Nothing could be more curiously characteristic than the tacit assumption which is involved in such a proceeding, that the Bible is a sort of cyclopædia in riddles, from which a person who makes any discovery may immediately proceed to extract any amount of knowledge which had previously been concealed from the world; and certainly nothing could show a greater absence, not only of acquaintance, but even of sympathy, with scientific methods of proceeding. Mr. Wilkinson's mode of argument—and it is a lamentably common one in an age in which zeal is so much more frequent than knowledge, and by no means confined to the curious religious body to which he belongs—is to persuade himself, first, that a particular view is true; if true, it must be recognised in the Bible; and, therefore, every text which refers to the subject on which it bears must be explained by it. The conclusion of course is, that the texts prove the view by which they are explained; and thus we obtain the result that the view is in the Bible because it is true, and that it is true because it is in the Bible. This is usually met by the opposite view, that it cannot be in the Bible because it is not true, and that it cannot be true because it is not in the Bible. Any one who will take the trouble to observe the controversies which abound so much in the present day upon geology, spirit-rapping, and other subjects which are in any way capable of bearing a theological aspect, will find that they are reducible to this form; and it is no wonder that they should end in a sort of pelting match, in which the texts which require least twisting to be made serviceable to either party are used as missiles. Inasmuch as the utmost that either side can hope to prove is that the Bible is not opposed to them, this kind of dispute is neither very wise nor very respectful to the book to which the disputants appeal; and the popularity of such disputes is the clearest illustration of the slightness of the influence which our great modern progress in scientific knowledge has exercised over a large class of men who may fairly be said to be educated. It would be wonderful, if we were not constantly receiving new proofs of the fact, that hardly any one will acquiesce in ignorance or submit to acquire his knowledge by degrees. Upon any subject which lies a little out of the beaten track of every-day experience, the common impulse is to put together a hasty theory of insufficient materials, and, if the subject admits of such a proceeding, to get a set of texts to prove it. The counter-process generally consists, not in showing the insufficiency and inconclusiveness of such arguments, but in showing, if possible, that they would involve some theological difficulty. The uncertainty, the length of time, the suspension of judgment involved in scientific investigation are so painful to the mass of mankind, that they will always leave that part of any subject, in order to go to something over which they can wrangle, because the facts lie in a small compass. For one person who looks upon the whole spirit-rapping mystery as a question of fact, five will argue from particular texts about its being angelic or diabolical. Indeed, it is impossible not to see, that a great part of the popularity of various theological controversies arises from the popular notion that any one can take part in them, and that there is no other subject on which a small amount of critical or historical learning can be made to go equally far.

It would be curious to inquire how far this loose and hasty way of thinking, or rather of talking and writing, arises from that perennial revolt of the imagination and the fancy against the reason which may be traced in all ages and classes, and how far it proceeds from the defects of our existing system of education. Either view would receive some confirmation from Mr. Wilkinson's book. He shows some classical knowledge, but we are not at all sure that the Greek, Latin, and mathematics which make so large a part of the education current in this country are by any means well calculated to teach people to reason judiciously upon facts, for they are less dependent upon or connected with facts than any other branches of human knowledge. Mr. Wilkinson certainly has small sympathy with science. He is always denouncing "cold naturalism" and "polished materialism," and he finds one of the worst signs of our present condition and prospects in the success of Mr. Buckle's *History of English Civilization*. We should like to know whether the spirits read the book, and what they think of it.

#### THE MODERN MASTERS AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, 1858.

THE picture exhibitions of the year open with the collection of the works of modern artists in the gallery of the British Institution. It is difficult to regard this display with any deep interest. The better men reserve themselves, or at least their better works, for the great art-tournament of the Royal Academy; and there are few beginners, we should think, who would not rather win their spurs in the bright sunshine of May than amidst the fogs and drizzle of February. However, the rooms in Pall Mall may sometimes give a welcome to timid genius afraid to face the hanging-committee of Trafalgar-square; and if an artist prefers for his works a more limited competition and a speedier sale, it is no business of ours. But, as critics, we feel inclined to grumble at having to examine some 700 pictures, most of them of small size, and few of them, if any, rising above the dreariest level of mediocrity; and we may be pardoned for hinting that the managers of this exhibition might with advantage be a little more severe in their admission of candidates for the public favour.

We are disposed to reckon the present collection, as a whole, as of average merit. There is no work of conspicuous excellence, and there are many which are fair specimens of commonplace ordinary ability. Little improvement is to be observed in the matter of the selection of subjects. Even the great epic poem of the Indian Mutiny has inspired but two pictures; and only one of these is respectable. Domestic scenes of the homeliest—not to say the stupidest—kind, without heart, or life, or nature; scraps of scenery, chosen for no intelligible reason, and painted in the most wooden manner; and fair faces and figures to suit every variety of taste in female beauty, and too often full of false and dangerous sentiment—these form the staple of this exhibition. Historical Painting rarely condescends to visit Pall Mall; and portraits, whether by rule or by custom, are excluded. In a commercial point of view, a certain special interest attaches to this particular yearly show. The great majority of the pictures are priced by their authors in the catalogue; and each picture is labelled as soon as sold. It is amusing to see at a glance what money value an artist attaches to his own work; and some conclusions might perhaps be drawn, as to the prevailing taste of our picture-buying classes, from the observation of the kind of subject that commands the earliest and surest sale.

Mr. F. Stone leads off with "A Yarn," in which, save for the nautical phrase, it would be hard to say which of the two figures is speaking. Mr. Sidney Cooper, also an A.R.A., gives us a very pretty and characteristic scene, "A Pond in the Meadows" (2). Sir E. Landseer contributes a pair of small pictures, quite worthy of himself. The first (4) represents a colley puppy playing with Sir Walter Scott's old deerhound Maida—a scene actually witnessed by the artist. The other (28) illustrates, with admirable humour, "The Two Dogs" of Burns—Cesar, "the gentleman and scholar," and "the ploughman's collier," "the gash and faithful tyke," discoursing together of their masters' failings. There is some power, and careful painting, in Mr. S. B. Halle's "Reverie" (11)—a young lady, in an evening dress, wrapt in thought. In the "Leviathan" (22), by Mr. E. J. Niemann, which deservedly occupies the place of honour in the room, we find a noble subject nobly treated. There is real poetry in the looming of the vast black hull, lingering at the very end of its "ways," in the stormy midnight sky. Huge fires, kindled behind the monster, throw out its bulk and the gigantic opening for its screw, in a kind of weird relief; and the light, reflected on the ship's sides and the broken water of the tide, is well given. The dash of moonlight from a rent in the clouds, is perhaps somewhat too theatrical.

Mr. H. F. Page has not caught the true spirit of "Italian Peasants" (34), and Mr. Holland, in his "Fountain at Genoa" (37), has not made the most of a picturesque subject. Miss Stannard's "Fruit" (39) is carefully painted. "Il Ventaglio" (40), by Mr. Rothwell, is altogether disagreeable. Mr. J. B. Pyne has given thought and labour to his "Caernarvon Castle" (47), represented under a storm sky. "The Voice of Mercy" (52), by Mr. G. D. Leslie, is an unintelligible allegory in a crude Pre-Raphaelite manner. Two tall stiff women are standing in unimpassioned attitudes before a paling with a gate in it—the one holding a drawn sword and a chained greyhound, the other laying her hand on the dog's leash. Every spike of grass stands on end, and the whole scene takes place in a vacuum. There used to be feeling and real power of painting in the works of this school. "Peter Boel Arranging his Model" (56)—viz., a vase of flowers—by Mr. L. Haghe, is a careful picture, but not an attractive one. Mr. David Roberts sends a pair of Oriental scenes, Tyre (62) and Sidon (76). They want body and finish; and the introduction of an excited group of turbaned figures in the foreground of each argues poverty of invention. The "Wounded Trooper" (67), by Mr. Abraham Cooper, is scarcely worth exhibiting. Mr. Goodall is ambitious in his "Campbells are coming: Lucknow, September, 1857" (70). The story of the bagpipes conveying to the beleaguered party the first intimation of their approaching relief, has been exploded; but it might well have made a good picture. Mr. Goodall's group is, of course, melodramatic, but shows ability and imagination. But as a whole, it strikes us as being unreal and unimpressive. Mr. Melby gives us a novel and spirited view in his "Coast of Norway" (71). Another picture by Mr. L. Haghe, "The Visit to the Studio" (83), is even

less to our mind than its companion. "Varensa" (89), by Mr. G. E. Hering, is the finest landscape in the exhibition. In "Sens Cathedral" (91), Mr. L. J. Wood has given excellently the fine transept façade dominating over the town; but the irregular line of the lead roof behind looks more like a hill-side than what it is. The "Turn of a Straw" (93), by Mr. H. C. Selous, is forced and conventional. His figures are like no gleaner and her lover that ever existed; and the whole interest is one of costume. Captain R. B. Beechey, in "Shorten Sail" (98), gives us a characteristic professional picture. But the moment chosen is singularly inelegant. It is the queenly majesty of a line-of-battle ship under full canvas that makes us inclined to lament the auxiliary screw. "On the Wye, Derbyshire" (100), by Mr. J. Godet, shows that he has caught the stern tone of that limestone scenery; but the painter needs reminding that even the dwellers in that picturesque wilderness are mortal, and require air. In this picture there is none. "Hopes and Fears" (113), by Mr. T. M. Joy, tells its story in its name. A mother watching her first-born might be treated so as to draw a tear, rather than a sneer, from every observer. "Devotion" (119), by Mr. Marshall Claxton, panders offensively to the supposed taste of a religious public. A young lady in evening toilette is reading her Bible. "Immortelles" (124), by Mr. F. Wyburd, is another specimen of misplaced sentimentality.

One of the most remarkable features in this exhibition is the absence of strictly religious pictures. This is little to be regretted, if we are thereby spared from such attempts as "He is risen" (146), by Mr. T. Y. Gooderson. It is a most inferior composition, and miserably painted—a theatrical angel addressing three gawky and phlegmatic women. In the "Peacock at home" (152) Mr. G. Lance has achieved a success. A pleasant conceit is pleasantly rendered. The peacock is nestling amidst a gorgeous array of fruit and flowers, and jewelled plate; and the doubt is which is the brightest—the bird or its *entourage*. Mr. Gilbert has a picture far above the average (167), representing Rubens visiting the youthful Teniers in his studio. The execution of Mr. E. J. Niemann's "Mill near Trefriew" (173) is scarcely equal to its conception. Very unlike sea is the water in Mr. Underhill's "Music of the Waves" (174). A joint picture, by Mr. J. Webb and Mr. J. Dujardin, representing "Greenwich" (180), shows the great hospital and shipping with much poetical feeling. There are fewer Spanish pictures than we expected to find, considering the increasing taste for the glowing scenes of the South. Mr. R. Ansdell's "Road to Seville" (183) is a very fair specimen. Mr. Weigall's "Beatrice di Dante" (189) amazes us. Every one forms his own ideal of Dante's Beatrice, and it is well that tastes should differ. But that any one should think this lady likely to have been the poet's ideal, we consider surprising. Another Spanish painting (194), by Mr. Edwin Long, is full of local life and colour. It represents a beggar asking alms at a church-door as a mother and daughter come out from mass. "The Rescue" (197), by Mr. J. Danby—some shipwrecked people on a raft in late evening, to whom approaches a boat from a ship looming in the gathering darkness—is a fine thought conscientiously elaborated. The "Lake of Como" (219), by Mr. T. Danby, wants body. Mr. A. Rowan, in his "Legend of Tobit" (220), imitates the Pre-Raphaelites in nothing but the ugliness of their favourite types. Mr. A. Montague has very successfully brought out the almost foreign picturesqueness of that beautiful town-church, "St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol" (222). The sentimental young lady (236), by Mr. J. Lucas, is an unredeemed failure. Mr. W. Henry gives an "Interior of St. Paul's Cathedral" (237), but he seems even to increase the coldness of the original. Happily the atmosphere itself, for the most part, gives tone and shade to Wren's dome, which are wanting in the architectural drawing. "L'Incognita" (259), by Mr. L. W. Desanges, is an impudent woman pretending to hide herself under a veil. This is a reprehensible style of picture. "St. Jacques, Antwerp" (269), shows that Mr. C. H. Stanley may make a success as an architectural painter. "Peggy Maclure"—from *Old Mortality* (275)—by Mr. E. U. Eddis, is scarcely worthy of that artist. The damsel, indeed, has a sweet face and graceful figure, but there is not much story to tell in the scene he has chosen, and the extremities and the accessories of the picture seem unfinished or hurried. Mr. Ritchie follows Mr. Frith's lead in his "Winter Day" (281) and "Summer Day" (449) in St. James's-park. There is promise in these pictures, but also exaggeration. "The Domestic" (292), by Mr. J. M. Atkinson, is in hopelessly bad taste in every way. "Saarburg, Rhenish Prussia" (330), by Mr. G. C. Stanfield, is one of the few good landscapes in the gallery; and Mr. Buckner's "Contadina di Roma" (337) is charming, though the child looks very little like an Italian. The fellow to this picture is the country lad saying his Ave Maria (352). Here, again, the complexion is unusually light for an Italian peasant. "Wind against Tide, Ostend Pier" (360), by Mr. E. Hayes, of the Irish Academy, is powerfully drawn. Mr. Telbin has quite missed the real colouring of the original in his "St. Mark's, Venice" (365). "The Lady of Shalott" (373), by Mr. W. M. Egley, is a picture that will deservedly attract much attention. It is conscientiously wrought out, and shows resources and ambition in its author. He must beware of the worse dangers of Pre-Raphaelitism. Vulgarly has reached its limit in Mr. T. H. Maguire's "Champion of England" (390)—a drunken sailor on the maintruck folded in the Union Jack. Mr. W. Parrot has copied the facts, without the sentiment, of the "Building of the great Leviathan" (394).

Mr. E. W. Cooke's "Evening on the Lagune, Venice" (414), is lifelike—most real and striking. He has seized an effect that is very familiar to all who have watched the sunset from the Lido. We stop next at a "religious" picture by Mr. H. Barraud—"The Flight into Egypt" (425). We scarcely know which is worst—the sentiment, drawing, colouring, or manipulation of this work. Mr. T. P. Hall's "Cavaliers and Puritans" (434) is somewhat repulsive. His contrast has sunk into caricature. The "Fountain" (441), by Mr. R. Buckner, is disappointing. A young girl meets an old fortune-teller at the well; but there is no life in the scene. Mr. Boddington's "Autumn Evening" (442), and Mr. Parris's "On the Severn" (448), are creditable landscapes. Most ghastly is Mr. W. Bromley's love-scene (458)—taken, we should think, from a melodrama at the Surrey Theatre. "Charcoal Burning on the Tyrolean Alps" (459), by Mr. H. Johnson, is powerful. "Hawthorn Gathering" (482), by Mr. C. J. Lewis, has no inconsiderable merits. It is Pre-Raphaelite in taste, and the light green affected by that school is here to be seen in great perfection. The Royal Scottish Academy is represented by Mr. Noel Paton's "Triumph of Vanity, an Allegory" (492). It is ambitious, but unimpressive. We pass on to Mr. Dawson's bold and successful picture of the "New Houses of Parliament" (539). It would have been better, perhaps, if the sky had not been given with so exceptional an effect. "Young Giotto" (543), by Mr. Leslie, is a good subject, but not very happily rendered. Mr. J. Archer's "Rosaland and Celia" (549) will disappoint most readers of *As You Like It*. Finally, we pause at Mr. E. Hopley's "An Alarm in India" (552). This is altogether in wretched taste. The husband looks stupidly out of the window—the young wife and mother, in rich evening dress, and nursing her infant, snatches a pistol, and another young lady seems to be looking into a mirror. The subject should have fallen into stronger hands.

The sculpture, numbering about a dozen statuettes, calls for no notice.

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last meeting of the Society, a paper was read, entitled, *An Account of some recent Researches near Cairo, undertaken with the view of throwing light upon the Geological History of the Alluvial Land of Egypt*, by L. Horner, Esq., V.P.R.S. This communication, which followed a previous memoir on the same subject, details at considerable length the results of the examination of the various soils and other substances obtained by numerous borings and shafts sunk in the vicinity of the statue of Rameses, and across the valley of the Nile, in the parallels of Memphis and Heliopolis. The following are the chief facts made known by the excavation shafts and borings.

On examining the results of ninety-five excavations and probings of the alluvial land, it appears:—1. That the alluvium is of two principal kinds: first and chiefly, an argillaceous earth or loam, more or less mixed with fine sand of various shades of colour, being the true Nile mud or sediment; and, secondly, pure quartzose sand, derived in a great measure from the desert, which is swept by violent winds through the gullies in the hills on either side, but chiefly from the Libyan range. 2. That the Nile sediment found at the lowest depth reached, is very similar in composition to that deposited by the inundation water of the present day. 3. That in no instance did the boring instrument strike upon the solid rock which may be presumed to form the basin between the Libyan and Arabian hills, which contains the alluvium accumulated through unknown ages, from the time when this depression in the earth's surface was formed, and the waters of the Nile first flowed through it. 4. That except minute organisms discoverable only by a powerful microscope, few organic remains were met with, and that those forms were recent land and river shells, and bones of domestic animals. 5. That there has not been found a trace of an extinct organic body. 6. That at the same levels great varieties in the alluvium have been found in adjoining pits, even when the distances between them are very moderate. 7. That there is an absence of all lamination in the sediment. When the author first undertook these interesting researches, he expected that sediment, slowly deposited on the land from nearly tranquil water, would present in sections a laminated structure—more especially as an able observer, the late Captain Newbold, stated that he had met with such an arrangement of the alluvial soil. It was therefore with no small surprise that, on examining the soil from the excavations at Heliopolis, no such laminae could be discovered, and in none of the excavations or borings has such a structure been met with in a single instance. There can be no doubt that a layer of sediment must be deposited upon the land, but as soon as the waters have subsided, the sun, the wind, and cultivation combine to break it up. From the earliest times when the Nile Valley was inhabited by man, the alluvial land fertilized by the sediment from the annual inundation must have been cultivated in the returning seasons. The next following flood softens the hardened mud of the preceding year, and it is considered that this softening of the soil is one of the most fertilizing effects of the inundation. The very primitive and simple system of cultivation at the present day is most probably the same which has been followed for unknown ages, for it is said that in Egypt nothing changes. As the subsiding inundation level continues to expose to air and light the surface on which the sediment has been deposited in insulated patches of the



uneven ground, the Fellah, wading in mud, begins to throw seed upon them in contour lines, his light boat bringing to him his seed corn. As the retreating waters expose more land, as soon as it is sufficiently drained another zone of ground is sown, and so on until the lowest parts have received the seed, which must be cast before the surface begins to crack, and after it has been cast it is beaten down into the mud with a flat piece of wood attached to the end of a pole. During the dry season, when vegetation withers, and the underground water has subsided, the ground cracks into numerous and deep fissures, forming the usual polygonal figures we see in dry mud or clay, affording receptacles for the flying sand. For three or four months in every year the surface of the valley strip of vegetation, in the state of a dry powder, is swept by violent winds, raising clouds of dust. By these combined causes, therefore, every trace of the deposited layer must be effaced. Instances of lamination and alternations of clay and sand, such as those mentioned by Captain Newbold, are not unfrequently met with on the banks of the river and at the entrances of canals, but they are local occurrences, caused by eddies and currents.

A further result of these researches is, that there are occasional accumulations of soil, the materials of which are only remotely derived from the inundation water and the storms of desert sand. In the neighbourhood of old buildings, and on the sites of earlier buildings, where these have been constructed of crude bricks, the soil, to a considerable depth, may have been derived from the disintegration of these bricks. The soil thus derived would have nearly the same aspect as the natural deposit of Nile mud. In the excavation at Heliopolis crude bricks were seen to have been the origin of the soil, these by visible rectangular lines chequering the sides of the pit. This last appearance, however, must be a rare occurrence, for the action of the inundation water softens the bricks and causes them to melt, as it were, into a homogeneous mass.

And finally, in nearly every part of the ground penetrated, artificial substances have been found, such as fragments and particles of burnt brick and pottery, and in the area of Heliopolis and Memphis fragments of statues and other sculptured stones. By far the most interesting find of this nature was obtained from the lowest part of the boring of the sediment at the colossal statue of Rameses at a depth of thirty-nine feet. The boring instrument brought up a fragment of pottery, now in the author's possession. It is about an inch square, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, the two surfaces being of a brick-red colour, the interior dark grey. According to Mr. Horner's deductions, this fragment, having been found at a depth of thirty-nine feet (if there be no fallacy in his reasoning), must be held to be a record of the existence of man 13,375 years before A.D. 1858, reckoning by the calculated rate of increase of three inches and a half of alluvium in a century—11,517 years before the Christian era—and 7625 before the beginning assigned by Lepsius to the reign of Menos, the founder of Memphis. Moreover, it proves, in his opinion, that man had already reached a state of civilization, so far, at least, as to be able to fashion clay into vessels, and to know how to harden it by the action of strong heat. This calculation is supported by the Chevalier Bunsen, who is of opinion that the first epochs of the history of the human race demand at the least a period of 20,000 years before our era as a fair starting point in the earth's history.\*

An appendix to Mr. Horner's valuable paper contains, among other matters, a description of the microscopic organisms in the Nile sediment; and the memoir is accompanied by various plans of the excavations and borings, with sections of the alluvium pierced through.

The author acknowledges with gratitude the assistance he has received during the course of these interesting researches, which have extended over several years, from our Consul in Egypt, the Hon. Charles Murray—from the late Viceroy, Abbas Pasha—and especially from the able engineer, Hekekyan Bey, who was educated in England, and of whom Mr. Horner gives a very interesting biographical memoir. The entire expense of the researches carried on during three seasons, of some original surveys, and the preparation of various maps on a large scale, and many drawings, amounting altogether to a very considerable sum, have been, with great liberality, defrayed by the Egyptian Government. The expense of analysing the soils sent to England was met by a grant of money from the Royal Society.

## REVIEWS.

### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE events of our own times, and of those which have immediately preceded them, are seldom described by the chief historical writers of a generation. It is not often that they even engage the pens of authors equal to Wolfgang Menzel, whose *History of the Last Forty Years*,† extending from 1816 to 1856, is now before us. The indeterminate, unsatisfactory nature of the chief external events—the half conquest of revolution in the West, and of Russia in the East, with the steady progress of

new tendencies in the masses—are, in Menzel's opinion, the chief features of the period which he undertakes to describe. The book is one of importance. It is hardly necessary to warn any one who is likely to read it against the prejudices of its learned and laborious, but weak and violent author.

A new edition of Herder's *Palm-leaves*\* will be a delightful gift for children. A preface is added by Krummacker, which has the merit of being at least quite harmless.

In Fröbel's *Travels in America*† we have the work of a man whose bent is rather towards speculation than towards the accumulation of knowledge or the description of scenery. His book is as different as possible from Sir Charles Lyell's on the same subject. It consists of a series of studies of men and manners, in which the political future of Europe is never lost sight of. To those who understand the politics of America it will be a most welcome present, embodying as it does the judgment of an eminent member of the Frankfort Parliament upon a great variety of matters on which the ideas of such a man are of no ordinary interest. We shall look with impatience for the second volume, which will, its author declares, be superior to the first.

Amongst the many charms of Goethe's autobiography is to be reckoned the wise and kindly way in which he speaks of minds with which his sympathy was, to say the least, imperfect. The friendly notice of Stilling, the frequent and always affectionate reference to the gentle Fräulein von Klettenberg, and the warm-hearted appreciation of the character of the Princess Galitzin, are doubly praiseworthy when they are found in the writings of a man who could understand and like Behrisch, Basedow, and Merck. Gellert and Lavater, two of the *dramatis personæ* in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*,‡ have just been sketched by a hand not quite unworthy to occupy itself with subjects which engaged the attention of the mighty master. Dr. Nitzsch has a high, perhaps the highest, place amongst the clergy of Berlin. In that city of ecclesiastical reaction and empty churches, he is one of the very few who can gather a tolerably numerous congregation composed at least in part of educated and thoughtful men. Two lectures by him upon two such personages as Gellert and Lavater deserve all attention.

Very pretty in their own simple way, and quite worthy of the notice of parents who wish for some book of the kind, are the *Worte väterlicher Liebe*,§ addressed by Lavater to his daughter when about to receive the communion for the first time, on Easter Sunday, 1796. They now first see the light by the kind permission of their author's family. Anna Louise Lavater died in 1854.

Another work, which belongs more or less to the same class, is the *Life of Johann Heermann*,|| a hymn-writer of the seventeenth century. It has been lately published by Ledderhose, who has also written the lives of Melancthon, Bogatzky, and others.

The story of the surrender of Napper Tandy and his associates to the British government by the authorities of Hamburg has been long forgotten by all except readers of the *State Trials*. Dr. Harder has made it the subject of a monograph,¶ partly with the view of elucidating the history of Hamburg, partly, as would appear, on account of its bearing upon some questions of International Law.

We have glanced over a considerable number of hymns and religious poems by Julius Sturm,\*\* without finding anything which rises above mediocrity. They are full of the well-known turns of expression and conventional phrases which are so wearisomely repeated in the department of literature to which they belong.

A *Low-German Almanack*,†† published at Leipzig, will amuse some English readers. Most of them will, however, find the glossary at the end of the volume by no means a superfluous aid.

A second volume of Schlüter's *Aus und über Italien*‡‡ is before us. In it is described the journey from Venice to Padua, Vicenza, and Northern Italy, as far as Milan, and so to Genoa and Florence. From Florence M. Schlüter moved northwards, and his Italian journey ended on the shores of the Lago Maggiore. This volume fulfils the high promise of the first, and the writer may congratulate himself upon having added another to the long list of delightful books for which Italy has to thank the "Cani Tedeschi."

The object of M. Kreyssig, in his *Lectures on Shakespeare*,§§ is to assist in their study of the great poet a class which is not

\* *Palmblätter*. Von J. G. Herder und A. J. Liebeskind. Neue Ausgabe. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Aus America*. Von Julius Fröbel. Erster Band. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Über Lavater und über Gellert*. Berlin: Wiegandt. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

§ *Worte väterlicher Liebe*. Von J. C. Lavater. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate.

|| *Das Leben Johann Heermanns*. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Williams and Norgate.

¶ *Die Auslieferung der vier politischen Flüchtlinge im Jahre 1795, von Hamburg an Grossbritannien*. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams and Norgate.

\*\* *Neue fromme Lieder und Gedichte*. Von J. Sturm. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

†† *Plattdeutsche Volk's-kalender für 1858*. Leipzig: Gweher. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡‡ *Aus und über Italien*. Von R. Schlüter. Zweiter Band. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Williams and Norgate.

§§ *Vorlesungen über Shakespeare, seine Zeit und seine Werke*. Von J. Kreyssig. Berlin. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

\* Egyptens Stelle in der Weltgeschichte.

† *Geschichte der letzten vierzig Jahre*. Von Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

likely to be edified by the more learned works upon this subject which abound in the libraries of Germany. The work of Gerwinus is, he tells us, most nearly allied to his own; but even it is considerably less popular in its method of exposition.

Bodenstedt, who has already attained a respectable rank as a translator and poet, has just put forth the first volume of a very important work,\* designed to introduce the German public to the contemporaries of Shakspeare, the English dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He begins his labours with John Webster, because the writings of that remarkable man are almost unknown in Germany. The extracts from the plays are proportioned to their importance, and an historical introduction is prefixed. The idea was a good one, and will open a new field to German genius. Charles Lamb's far less elaborate book on the English dramatists was not without its influence.

A useful contribution to the history of the last century has just been made by the Hanoverian Colonel von Kneesebeck, who has collected and published a volume of the letters and despatches of Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, during the Seven Years' War.† We question a little the wisdom of that patriotism which has led him to give a German dress to nearly all these documents, in spite of many of them having been originally in French.

A new serial called *Preussische Jahrbücher*,‡ edited by the author of the *Life of W. von Humboldt*, which has been already noticed in our columns, is likely to do good service. We observe an essay on the relations of Prussia to England, written in the best spirit, and embodying the view which we have ever advocated, that the two great Protestant nations of Europe are natural allies. Only those who know how long and earnestly the best minds in Prussia have yearned for some act on the part of the Government which should fairly commit their country to a truly liberal policy, can understand the fever of delight into which they have been thrown by recent events. Grey-headed statesmen, who for many years have been repeating "There is no woe so great as to see clearly how all should be done, and to be able to do nothing," now express their delight in the sort of phraseology which would not be too cold for an epithalamium, and echo the words in which the young ladies of Berlin concluded their address to the Princess Royal:—

*La belle Alliance.* Du heller Ruhmestag  
Zur Schlacht sahest unsre Völker Du verbündet,  
Victoria fortan erfüllen mag  
Was jener Kampf so glorreich hat verkündet.  
So Heil dann Heil dem schönen Friedens-Bund  
Er macht der Zukunft weite Bahnen offen,  
Und dieses Liedes Stimme thu' Dir Kund  
Was Millionen Herzen fühlen, hoffen.

The German reader is indebted to M. Rosengarten for a work on Architecture,§ very comprehensive and very plentifully illustrated, which may do for him something of what Mr. Fergusson's excellent and much more elaborate *Handbook* does for his English contemporaries.

#### TRIKOUPES' HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.¶

WE congratulate M. Trikoupes and his countrymen on the successful completion of this remarkable narrative of the greatest event of their modern history. We only wish that he had continued his tale a little farther. He stops at the point when Greece was declared an independent State, and when Prince Leopold was selected for its ruler. Possibly a Minister of King Otho could not, with any sort of regard to etiquette, express the regret which a statesman and patriot like M. Trikoupes must feel, that his own country was not ultimately destined to receive the benefits which could hardly have failed to follow on the actual government of the wisest of modern Continental rulers. Yet his narrative of the administration of Capodistrias is so admirably done that we lament that he has not carried on the history at least down to his assassination. We still are not without hopes of a record of this period from the hand of Mr. Finlay, but we should have preferred to be able to compare its treatment by two writers, each so thoroughly competent, yet whose several points of view are in many respects so widely different.

The present volume contains the history from 1825 to 1830. The period of which it treats is marked by the active appearance on the scene of the three great Powers of Europe. In his former volumes, our author had shown how unaided Greece had thrown off the yoke of unaided Turkey, how she had successfully maintained her independence against successive Ottoman invasions, but also how she had been well-nigh reconquered by the united forces of Turkey and Egypt. In the present volume, we see the balance restored by the appearance of Western aid. The fight of Navarino and the French expedition into Peloponnesus once more reduced the struggle to a war between Greeks and Turks. Not that either party was in the same position as at the com-

mencement of the war. The energies of Turkey were distracted by a war with Russia, arising out of, and yet kept diplomatically separate from, the original Turco-Greek question. Greece, exhausted, ravaged, depopulated, was as little fit for the struggle as her enemy. The war in a manner died out. The Greeks contrived to recover all that the original revolt had effectually liberated; but they were not able, as they might have been with undiminished energies, to extend their operations to effect a more complete emancipation of their race. The pride of the Sultan was humbled by the Muscovite advance to Adrianople. The strong will which had hitherto refused all conditions to Rayahs, all interference of foreign Powers on behalf of rebels, was now bowed down to admit whatever terms the conqueror might demand. Up to this time, every scheme of pacification had contemplated the retention by the Sultan of some external suzerainty over liberated Greece. The Russian demands still asked for no more; but England, fearing that dependence upon such a Turkey as could survive the Peace of Adrianople would be practically dependence on Russia, procured the entire independence of the new State.

It is rather remarkable that a step which must have been highly acceptable to Hellenic sentiment should have ultimately proceeded, and on such grounds, from that one of the three Powers which had certainly not hitherto been the foremost to advance Hellenic independence. But it may well be doubted whether the entire independence of Greece was desirable in an enlarged view of the interests of South-Eastern Europe. Whatever the existing Ottoman Empire in Europe may ultimately become—a Christian Empire, a Christian Confederation, an eclectic Akbarite Empire, or anything else—one great point is that all the Christian nations should stand or fall together. Greek, Serb, Wallach, and Bulgarian, must not be allowed to separate their interests. The relations of Serbia and the Danubian Principalities to the Porte seemed to point the way to some kind of Confederation as their ultimate fate. Tributary Serbia, tributary Roumania, would have been naturally followed by tributary Greece, and could hardly have failed to lead to tributary Bulgaria. The change from a tributary to a federal relation would have been an easy development. But the recognition of part of Greece as a *κράτος ανεξάρτητον* stands in the way of any such process. A part of one of the nations interested is permanently cut off from the rest. The Greek of the kingdom is sent forth into the world with different interests and feelings, not only from his Rouman and Slavonic brethren, but from a large portion of his fellow Greeks. Of either a Byzantine Empire or a Byzantine Confederation, the present Greek kingdom ought to form an integral part. But a sovereign kingdom can hardly be asked to surrender its sovereign rights. There is one sovereign State whose capital is Constantinople, another whose capital is Athens; and neither can be asked to merge itself in the other. Greek patriotism would probably revolt at being absorbed in a Hellenic-Slavo-Roumanic Confederacy. Rouman and Slavonic patriotism would much more reasonably revolt at being absorbed in a Hellenic kingdom. These questions can hardly fail, some day or other, to assume a practical shape; and we are convinced that the establishment of part of Greece as a State totally independent of Constantinople will have made them far more perplexing when they do come. A portion of one of the subject nations has received an almost unnatural start in some departments of intellectual and political life, at the expense of the larger interests of the subject nations in general.

But to return to M. Trikoupes' last volume. Its more close connection with Western affairs may not improbably give it a greater interest in the eyes of Western readers than any of its predecessors. M. Trikoupes, as a professional diplomatist, recounts diplomatic affairs with great skill and great zest, and not without a good deal of quiet sarcasm. And it is certainly curious to study our own share in these matters reflected through so distant a medium, to say nothing of seeing Βελλιγκτών, Αβερδύρος, and Στρατάρχος Κάινγγ, in a guise in which we are more familiar with statesmen and warriors much more remote from ourselves. But the real value of the volume consists in its picture of Greek military, and still more of Greek political, affairs. As regards the former, the chief interest centres round the siege of Athens in 1826—7. We must say that it is a sad falling off from that of Mesolongi. The besieged were indeed sorely reduced, but they still had water, and barley in abundance, *ὡς καὶ κακῆς ποιότητος*. To our reader under these circumstances may in no wise disgrace an ordinary garrison, but it is not exactly the part of heroes. In fact, the reason was, as General Gordon ventures to say, and as M. Trikoupes evidently thinks, that for this kind of service irregular troops do better than regular. Mesolongi was garrisoned solely by Greeks and Albanians—they defended the city till they had nothing at all to eat, whether *κακῆς* or *καλῆς ποιότητος*, and then they cut their way through the besieging ranks. The acropolis of Athens contained General Fabvier—a brave, skilful, and honourable French officer—who did all, and indeed more than all, that would be expected of a man defending a European town against a European army, but who was not fully prepared to emulate the somewhat barbaric heroism of the Ætolians and Souliotes. On the merits of the three Philhellenes who play so important a part at this crisis, we find the estimate of Gordon and of Trikoupes exactly coinciding. If anything, Trikoupes rates the services, both of Fabvier and Church—the *Τσάρτσης* of the Greek narrative—higher than the British writer. As to Lord

\* *Shakspeare's Zeitgenossen und ihre Werke*. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Ferdinand, Herzog zu Braunschweig und Lüneburg, während des Siebenjährigen Krieges*. Hannover. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Herausgegeben von R. Haym. Berlin: Georg Reimer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

§ *Die Architectonischen Stylarten*. Brunswick: Vieweg. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

¶ *Συντάξις Τρικούπη ἱστορίας τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς Ἐπανάστασης*. Τόμος Δ. Ἐν Αὐθίνῳ. 1857.



Cochrane, we find Greek and Scot both attributing to him the great defeat in which Greece lost her then foremost champion, Karaiskakes. Of this last hero, we will translate the character as drawn by M. Trikoupes. It is a branch of his art in which he especially shines, and the present is an excellent specimen both of his skill and his candour:—

We beheld this man as one of the illustrious champions of his country at the beginning of the struggle, but the brand of slavery and bad habits implanted in youth cannot be wiped out in a day; therefore we beheld him after a little while turning away from his duty to his country, and seeking the command of a province under Turkish authority. Both in this and in other cases his behaviour was blame-worthy (*ἐπιλήψιμος*), and he himself freely allowed it to be blameworthy. At the time that he was proclaimed Commander-in-Chief, some members of the Committee of the Assembly were present in the sea-fort (*θαλασσοφυρτίον*) of Nauplion, and among them Basil Bountoures, a man honoured for his importance and his character. This man, addressing himself (*ἀπευθύνοντες*) to the newly-elected Commander, said to him, "Karaiskakes, till now you have not done your duty to your country; may God enlighten you (*ὁ θεὸς νὰ σὲ φωτίσῃ*) to do it for the future." "I do not deny it," boldly replied Karaiskakes; "when I will I am an angel, and when I will I am a devil; I am determined to be an angel for the future" (*ὅταν θέλω γίνομαι ἄγγελος, καὶ ὅταν θέλω γίνομαι διάβολος· ἐγὼ ἀπόφασιν νὰ γίνω εἰς τὸ εἶναι ἄγγελος*). And in truth, when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, the real greatness and loftiness of his character (*τὸ μεγαλεῖον τῆς ψυχῆς τοῦ ἀξίως*) was at once perceived; he inseparably attached himself to the glory of his people, he distinguished himself before all others; and in the midst of sore distress he drew together multitudes of hungry and naked men, and led them to glory, not flattering, but bridling, their impulses, and forbidding all abuses. The character of the man will appear yet higher if we consider what was the state of things in continental Greece (*τὴν στερεάν Ἑλλάδα*—Greece out of Peloponnesus) when he received the command, and what it was when he died; he invigorated again the struggle when it was dying out (*ἐξασθενήσαντα*), and raised up continental Greece when she was falling; and, when he was dead, no worthy successor appeared, and continental Greece, which he had raised up, fell back again into slavery. Even the enemy admired Karaiskakes:—"The Turks," they said, "have one Reshid, and the Greeks one Karaiskakes; two lions are fighting, and no one can tell which will overcome the other." Many captains distinguished themselves during the struggle in continental Greece, but Karaiskakes proved himself to be, of all, the most skillful in command and the most qualified for rule (*στρατηγικώτερος πάντων καὶ ἀρχικώτερος*).

This is the description of one of the mixed characters turned up by the Revolution—one of whom we can at least say that his latest days were his best. We should like to contrast his character with that of the noble Miaoules, the purest hero of modern Greece, of Kolokotrones and Demetrios Hypselantes, the types respectively of the Klephtic and the civilized Greek chieftain, and even with the less famous names of Lontos and Zaëmes. All these portraits are elaborately drawn by M. Trikoupes in the present volume. But the part which really most interested us was the administration of Capodistrias, a subject which M. Trikoupes has all to himself, as it is scarcely touched upon by General Gordon. The merits and the defects of his government are very well set forth. Capodistrias had many of the best qualities of a ruler, but he was not exactly cut out for the ruler of revolutionary Greece. That he was Russian in his foreign policy, and centralizing in his domestic policy, was the natural result of his antecedents, and can hardly be made subject to blame. Had he been born to be a Czar or a Sultan, he would have been one of the best Czars or Sultans that ever reigned. He worked sincerely, disinterestedly, and in many respects effectually, to benefit and to organize the country which had chosen him as her Dictator. He did all he could to restore order, to put down piracy, to encourage education, agriculture, every material improvement, and to establish good relations with foreign powers. *Ἡ γλῶσσά του, says our author, εἶχε πειθὼ καὶ ὁ κύκαμός του χάριν· ἀλλ' ἐν ᾧ ἔδιδεν ὡς φιλομοναρχικὸς τὸν Νικόλαον, ἐγχοῦτεν ὡς φιλοδημοκρατικὸς τὸν Λαφαγιέρν.* (This last name is not that of a δημοδύρος βασιλεὺς, but is no other than Lafayette.) We give this passage in the original. M. Trikoupes is himself a diplomatist; should he so boldly reveal the secrets of the craft?

Let us now see the reverse side of Capodistrias, as described by our author:—

But some stains darkened this brilliant picture; he loved to talk of himself, to exalt himself, and to depreciate the men of the struggle (*τοὺς ἄνδρες τοῦ ἀγώνος*); and, what was most unbecoming of all, he used to mock at them in their hearing, even while he praised them in writing to foreigners; having had no share in the struggle, though reaping its first honours, he wished to diminish its glory, lest in his ambition he should seem to owe any gratitude to those who had preceded him in the government, wherefore he never ceased saying that he himself, through his European reputation, had raised again the government from the earth (*ἀνέθηκεν τὴν Ἀρχὴν ἀπὸ τοῦ καίματος*). And what he ought to have simply referred to the fortunate political circumstances under which he was called to the government of the country, he referred, in his self-sufficiency, wholly to his own capacity and reputation; he thought he was injured if the Allies and all Europe did not look upon him as Greece, and Greece as her deliverer. This self-exaltation led him into extravagances unworthy of his sound sense and his good heart: he did not scruple openly to call himself the saviour of Greece, and to speak of those who had governed before him, to their faces, as her destroyers; he called the Hodji-bashis Turks bearing the name of Christians, the captains brigades, the Phanariots vessels of Satan (*ἄγγεῖα τοῦ σατανᾶ*), and the men of letters (*τοὺς λογίους*) fools; it was only the peasants and the artisans whom he considered worthy of his love and protection, and he said openly, that his government looked to their interest alone; he did not stop boasting that he found Greece isolated and attached her to Europe, that if he went away Greece would be destroyed, and that the country would not prosper if men did not come from abroad to govern her, if all power of binding and loosing were not given to him, and if the generation which had been engaged in the struggle did not pass away. And even fond as he was of his nation, and attached to liberal principles (*φιλελευθέρους ἀρχὰς κρησίνων*), he wished to govern his countrymen despotically, on the pretext that such a form of government suited a nation passing from slavery into freedom; nor did he believe that despotism habitually destroys good dispositions even among those who use despotic power for the common good (*πρὸς τὸ εὖ τοῦ κοινῆς δεσποσύνης*); he could not endure even the little power which, according to his appointment, was allowed to the Panhellenion.

Doubtless Capodistrias did not speak wholly without reason in many of his complaints against his coadjutors; but we can hardly be surprised that such unwelcome truths laid him open to much obloquy, and at last brought about his own death at the hands of "Turks bearing the name of Christians."

We have one or two more desultory remarks to make. One is on a very small, but rather curious point. The "Etacismus" of modern Greek pronunciation, by which hardly any perceptible difference is made between the sounds of *ε*, *η*, *ι*, *υ*, and *υι*, has naturally led to much confusion in the popular orthography. We had not remarked any inaccuracy of this sort in M. Trikoupes' former volumes, but we have noticed one or two cases in the present; e.g., the word *αἰφνιδίως* is once or twice spelled *αἰφνιδίως*.

We have all along remarked M. Trikoupes' thorough fairness in dealing with his countrymen and their enemies. In the present volume, fewer crimes have to be recorded on either side than in the earlier ones. The war before Athens was indeed stained both by Greek and by Turkish perfidy; but, on the whole, both Greeks and Turks had improved by coming in contact with civilized allies and opponents. M. Trikoupes is even more ready than before to acknowledge any merit to be found on the side of the enemy. Reshid Kioutages, for instance, the counter-lion to Karaiskakes, he evidently admires. He fully realizes the grandeur, from the old Ottoman point of view, of the position of the Porte while refusing to hearken to a word of mediation on behalf of rebellious Rayahs, though, of course, he exults over the sudden humiliation brought upon its Sublimity by the peace of Adrianople.

Finally, we do not know why both M. Trikoupes and General Gordon so sedulously abstain from mentioning themselves. On more than one occasion, an anonymous Philhellen in Gordon answers to *ὁ Γάβρων* in Trikoupes; and on more than one occasion, an anonymous Greek in Trikoupes appears, on reference to Gordon, to be no other than his Hellenic Majesty's present representative in London. The words *ὁ Σπυρίδων Τρικούνης* do indeed once occur—where they could not well be omitted—in a list of names, but without the addition which we find in an analogous case, *ὅς τὰδε ἐξυγράψεν*. We really think this is a needless excess of modesty, and one which may produce confusion in the minds of their readers. There are the precedents of Moses, Xenophon, and Caesar, for a man recounting his own exploits in the third person; while Nehemiah, Timour, and Baber have gone the length of recording theirs in the first.

We take leave of M. Trikoupes with every feeling of admiration for the work which he has so happily concluded, and of goodwill for the nation whose noble struggle for freedom he has recorded. Young Greece can never indeed reproduce old Greece; possibly she may never now be what a wiser policy might have made her thirty years back; but, among much to deplore, she has rich elements of promise. Like the Achaian League of old, she is a true bud from the old stem,\* and she may well look with gratitude to Mavrokordatos as the Aratos, and to Trikoupes as the Polybios, of her newly-recovered being.

#### ANTIQUARIAN NOVELS.†

ONE unfortunate result of the modern rage for novels is, that they are eating up every other kind of literature. Whatever a man has to communicate to the world, he has no hope of its being read unless he dresses it up as a novel. If the Conservative leader wishes to explain to the world his mysterious views—if Sir E. B. Lytton has a change of political principles to announce—if Dr. Newman has a religious conversion to explain—the only idea they any of them have of imparting their sentiments to the public is by writing a novel. It is the channel by which the social reformer proclaims his grievances, the gentle female moralist instils her fireside maxims, or the sour Evangelical reveals to an astonished world the Jesuit mine over which it is reposing. What in former days would have appeared as a treatise or a pamphlet, is not now considered presentable except in company with the loves and woes of a seraphic heroine. Even dusty archæology has taken of late to aping the Troubadour, and resetting old records to an amatory accompaniment. Not long ago there appeared an Egyptian novel of the date of Thothmos III., in which the chronicles of Manetho and the Scripture history were set forth in a succession of love scenes; and shortly afterwards another author followed suit by doing the same service for Berosus. We have now before us two specimens of similar ingenuity. They are written with very different degrees of power—one of them is irreclaimably stupid, and the other is very fairly interesting. But they both labour under a like artistic defect, which no ability can entirely overcome—they seek at the same moment to excite the ordinary interest of the novel, and an interest of a very different character, implying a far severer tone of mind. The consequence is, that they satisfy no single class of readers. The historical student will not stoop to read novels, and the young lady skips the archæology with a feminine execration. And even if the subjects thus popularized be the gainers in extent of audi-

\* Paus. vii. 17, 1. *αὐτὸς ἐκ δένδρου λευκοβλήμενον, ἀνεβλάστησεν ἐκ τῆς Ἑλλάδος τὸ Ἀχαικόν.*

† *Vendigaid. A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.* London: Saunders and Otley. 1857.

*Chormione. A Tale of the Great Athenian Revolution.* By Edward A. Leatham. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1858.

ence, it is at a heavy sacrifice both of precise treatment in the science and of literary excellence in the novel.

*Vendigaid* is a Welsh tale of the thirteenth century. It is written by some patriotic Cambrian—in the first place, for the purpose of exposing the wickedness of Edward I. in conquering Wales, and secondly, to prove that the present Prince of Wales is descended from the last Llewellyn. But the native zeal of the Welshman appears to have been tamed and tutored by the habits of thought and language peculiar to a Government clerk. To judge from its style, the novel before us must have been compiled from official documents. There is a love affair, and there are plenty of domestic scenes; but all the characters, old and young, male and female, in whatever situation they may be placed, talk no other tongue than "Blue-book." A Welsh warrior, for instance, returns home late one night from a dangerous expedition, and his first words to his daughter are, that "he is afraid his tardy arrival has caused her much anxiety." He then "inquires whether he and his companions could be accommodated at that unseasonable hour with refreshments," and concludes by saying that "he fears that his children are worn out by their lengthened vigil, and that he insists on their retiring to rest." In fact, it would require no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the whole work is a "Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the annexation of Wales," and drawn up by Mr. Frederick Peel. We confidently recommend it as a gentle narcotic for the use of families.

*Charmione* is an antiquarianism of a very different order. It is one of many attempts which have been made to bring familiarly before the imagination the daily life of classical times. Such an undertaking requires both very painful industry in collecting the scattered bones which lie hidden in the pile of classical literature, and a very vivid imagination to clothe them with the hues of life; and these two talents seem rarely to coexist. All former attempts—at least with respect to Greece—have failed, because their authors have been only scholars. Bekker's *Charicles*, which is the best known, is as dry as an auctioneer's inventory, besides being cynically indecent. Why erudition should have the effect of entirely choking artistic feeling and power is a very hard psychological problem to solve; but a very slight study of the best scholars or divines will quickly convince the most sceptical of the fact. Mr. Leatham is happily an exception. The fuel with him has not put out the fire. His style is as vivid as if he had never opened a Greek Lexicon. *Charmione* is almost worthy—and even the "almost" is very high praise—to take the place, as a popular picture of the daily life of Greece, that the *Last Days of Pompeii* has long taken with respect to Rome.

Mr. Leatham has succumbed much more to the popular taste than to his own necessities in giving his work the externals of a novel. It is, in truth, a dramatised history, and makes little use of a novelist's meaner arts to enhance its attractiveness. It embraces the period of history from the battle of Arginusæ to the return of Thrasybulus—the death struggle of Athenian independence. It is obvious that such an epoch gives plenty of scope for exciting situations without any recourse to the adventitious aid of heroes and heroines. Accordingly, the love-story occupies a very secondary place. The technical heroine is Eucharis, daughter of the tyrant Critias, whose hand is contended for unsuccessfully by Plato, and ultimately bestowed on the patriot Archinus. Charmione herself, daughter of Nicias, though not the heroine, is the most prominent female character. The author seems to have felt the difficulty which has been experienced by most historical novelists, of making the heroine anything but a "stick." If a female character is to display grandeur, it must be exhibited in something else besides falling in love. Accordingly, Charmione fills the same proportionate space compared to Eucharis that Minna does to Brenda, or Rebecca to Rowena. Early in the story she marries Pericles, one of the Arginusian generals; and after his judicial murder, she lives on to see the vengeance of heaven wreaked on one after the other of his murderers, till her story closes with her finding the body of Critias on the fatal field of Munychia. But the real interest of the tale is concentrated on the political intrigues and the political crimes of the period—the real heroes are Theramenes and Thrasybulus. Nor is it even obnoxious to the usual definition of an historical novel—"fiction founded upon fact." The accusation of the Arginusian generals, the intrigues of Theramenes and his cabal to procure their doom, the consummation of that frightful display of popular ferocity and ingratitude, and the terrible reign of terror that followed under the Spartan auspices, when all the patriots that could have saved Athens had been removed, are incidents quite terrible enough in their naked truth to give interest to a story. There is no need of the manipulation which Sir Walter Scott was often wont to apply to the events of history, in order to make them picturesque. With the exception of the assumption of motives, where historians can only suggest them, and the lighting up of a few dark places which have been obscured by Xenophon's interested silence, Mr. Leatham is as exact in respect to main facts as Bishop Thirlwall or Mr. Grote. Yet there is no dry chronicling. He is fully master of the art of making his characters tell in a lively manner what from his own pen would be tedious. But the great charm of the book is that the author is for the moment an earnest Athenian patriot, standing aside, and mourning alike the hideous crimes of the Demus and of the Thirty, but recording

the vicissitudes of the eventful contest with as vivid a realization of the scene and the circumstances as Thrasybulus himself might have done. Take, for instance, the receipt of the news from Arginusæ:—

And whenever they heard his horse-hoofs ringing nearer and nearer upon the road, the two girls would run to meet him as if there was any news of the fleet. First they heard of its safe arrival at Samos—of the reinforcements which day by day were dropping in. Then came the tidings that, numbering one hundred and fifty beaks, it had weighed from Samos and was in full sail for Arginusæ. Lastly arrived the thrilling message that Callistratus, the Spartan admiral, with one hundred and twenty sail, was signalled in the offing. Upon this, the family removed at once to Athens, and awaited from hour to hour the decisive news.

Two days had passed away, and they had heard no more. The whole city was in a state of breathless suspense. Every one had relatives in the fleet; the levy had been general; even the high-born knights had hung up their bridles and gone on board, and the very slaves, lured by the promise of manumission, had gone too. As is usual on such occasions, reports were rife enough; and those which had the least pretensions to credibility obtained, of course, the fullest credence. It had been blowing hard the last few days. Some said that the battle had been fought, no doubt; but that the despatch-galley had been wrecked in attempting to weather Sunium. There were plenty of persons who had heard shouts and cries of distress in the night; several who had seen pieces of shivered oars and broken benches: one had observed the spirits of the dead, looking very wet and miserable, making for the Cerameicus in a body. Others affirmed that the whole fleet had gone to the bottom, and some declared that the Spartans had been polite enough to accompany them thither. In the face of rumours so terrible, all business was suspended; the stalls were empty and deserted; the workshops silent; the citizens, with long pale faces, clustered into little knots; some saddled their mules and started for Sunium to verify the report. The sea itself, who alone knew the truth, was shrouded at that early hour by a dense fog, which veiled the fate of all those brave men in impenetrable mystery. The sun broke colourlessly through it, as Charmione and Eucharis, attended by their slaves, paced backwards and forwards upon the brow of the Acropolis.

"It was here, from this very spot," remarked Eucharis, "that poor old Ægeus watched for his son, and, when the black sail hove in sight, flung himself down these rocks and perished."

"Hush! speak no words of evil omen," said Charmione, in a low tone. "See! see! What's that?" she added instantly, as every feature became suddenly agitated.

"See! see!" echoed a hundred voices, as the crowd pressed towards the edge of the precipice, whence a dark spot was visible in the grey mist, apparently about a mile from the shore. "It moves! it moves!" Every eye was strained upon the slowly moving object, every heart throbbled violently. The knees of Eucharis grew very weak, and her face pale as death. And then there arose another shout, "The Salaminian! the Salaminian!" And true enough—a gallant ship shot through the margin of the fog, and heeling to the waves, with her broad canvas shooting before the gale, and her oars plunging madly as though the rowers were pulling for dear life—rushed among the masts of Peiræus and vanished. Then what a clatter there was down the sacred steps! how every street and every house poured forth its throng of anxious eager faces!

"To the Peiræus! to the Peiræus!" was on every tongue, and Charmione and Eucharis, hurried away by the flow of that irresistible tide, and by the still more irresistible impulse from within, found themselves hustled and struggling through the narrow streets which led down to the harbour of Athens. So they were borne along as in the whirl of a troubled dream, when suddenly all further progress seemed to be arrested. The street was blocked up. The wave stood still, and then recoiled, and there came an indistinct sound afar off, like the rush of mighty waters; every instant it grew louder and louder, more terrible and imminent; it seemed to be coming rolling over the heads of the vast multitude, till, in one moment more, it thundered among the housetops in one long ecstatic shout of "Victory!"

It was an hour before they reached the Pnyx. They found it filled with a dense crowd, still as death. There were the Prytanes standing, with their president at their head, in front of the Bema; a herald was reading the despatch. He had nearly concluded. You might have heard a buckle drop. How many hearts will be broken by his last words! "Ships lost with all hands," said he, in a clear, hard voice. "Mycæle"—a loud wail burst from every part of the agitated mass. It was with difficulty repressed—to burst forth again and again, as each name sounded like a knell of desolation on innumerable hearts—"Angelos—Ægina—Galates—Ariadne—Amphitrite—Leucothea—Gorgo—Athens—Nemesis—Asterope—Elpis—Iris—Alcippe—Hesperie—Dynamis—Partheno—Circe—Democratia—Pandrosus—Helen—Sphinx."

"Thank God! they are yet safe," said Charmione, in a low and hurried whisper, as she pressed the cold hand of Eucharis.

The following will serve as a specimen of the author's powers of dealing with a purely antiquarian subject, in which there is nothing but antiquarianism to interest. It is part of a description of the Dionysia:—

But the fun of the Dionysia did not end with the procession. All day long the streets were thronged with gay and noisy groups. All Attica was in Athens. Parents and children from the country arrived in waggon-loads to visit their town relatives. Many a fat he-goat was sacrificed to Dionysius that day, and offered up upon the domestic altar of the dinner-table. Many a cup was quaffed with the pious wish that the act might be acceptable to the god, and prove a blessing to the drinker. As the country people in their smart new clothing jolted over the pavement, the sleek townsfolk made sad butts of them; and many an acute rejoinder came from those uncouth lips. It was a kind of April-fool time, and no one had any business to consider himself horse-whipped, whatever personalities his neighbours might choose to indulge in. But besides the influx from the country, there were many strangers in Athens at that time. They had flocked thither from all parts to be present at the spectacles. There was a sprinkling of Asiatic traders in their silks and turbans; hundreds of allies in their national costumes; and the rude speech of the one, and the gaping rusticity of the others, made abundance of amusement for the keen-witted Athenians, who, with cups in their hands, mingled everywhere in the crowd. Here some Athenian *ganis* would trip up some solemn Asiatic by treading upon his majestic train, and then, with a thousand pardons and the utmost ceremony, lift him up out of the mud. Here a full cup of Lesbian was decanted into the silken lap of another, and the iroful foreigner was bade to drink to the unknown god who had baptised him with this evidence of his favour. Here a ring of youths were amusing themselves by dancing upon a greased and inflated goat-skin; so that nine out of ten of the aspirants to Terpsichorean honours ended their pirouettes with a very low obsequious indeed. There was a cluster of men drinking for a skin of wine; he with the widest swallow to win. There a group of others were engaged upon the game called Cottabus; a large basin of water, upon which a number of little bowls were floating, stood upon the ground, and the players



tried to sink the latter, by flinging into them the dregs of their cups. Here were convicts shrinking away from the prisons whence they were released in honour of the festival, and jolly debtors laughing in their creditors' long faces, for no one ventured to put an execution in the house at such a time as this. There the crowd was rushing to hear the chorus of boys who were dancing and singing in the open space before some temple, and whose silvery voices and graceful movements contrasted pleasingly with the discordant mirth and swaggering antics of the half-inebriated bystanders.

It is no small merit that, with so much power of picture-drawing, the author's antiquarian knowledge is never obtruded. At the beginning of the book, his classical enthusiasm, which is prodigious—as indeed it should be for the author of such a work—leads him into several episodes of description similar to that we have quoted; but when once the action of the story has fairly commenced, no displays of knowledge are allowed to arrest the interest or interfere with the artistic effect of the plot, until its consummation is reached in the success of Thrasylbulus, and the restoration of the democracy to the straitened career and the shorn supremacy which henceforth remained for Athens.

#### DR. WAAGEN'S SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUME.\*

FEW living critics of pictures have enjoyed the advantages of Dr. Waagen's experience. To a competent knowledge of all the chief Continental galleries, excepting that at Madrid, he adds a personal acquaintance with the innumerable treasures of art scattered throughout Great Britain, such as no Englishman can pretend to possess. Our great country-houses and our private collections are never very easy of access to a stranger, unless he brings with him strong letters of introduction or a previous reputation. Moreover, those of us who travel for pleasure prefer, naturally enough, to go to Paris, Dresden, or Munich, rather than to seek out, with infinitely more trouble and expense, and with far less satisfactory results, the pictures buried in the far recesses of our own provinces. It is more to be wondered at that we too often forget or neglect treasures lying comparatively near our own doors. There are multitudes of cultivated Englishmen who have never taken the pains to gain admission to the Dulwich or Bridgewater Galleries. And of the thousands who have looked with delight on the woods and stately façade of Gatton, as they emerge from the bowels of the North Downs through the Merstham tunnel, how few are aware that they might find there, within two miles of the Red Hill station, a genuine "Holy Family," by Leonardo da Vinci, so famous as to have attracted pilgrims from all parts of Europe. Dr. Waagen, as a foreigner, known as a distinguished connoisseur, and speaking English fluently, had great antecedent advantages in undertaking to investigate and describe the pictures dispersed among private collectors in this country. But even he sometimes met with nearly insuperable difficulties in his researches. He could scarcely gain admission, or had no time or light, or could find no catalogue, or was "driven round" a collection. What tourist does not shudder at this expressive phrase when he remembers his own fate in many an English mansion or cathedral! For the most part, however, the warmest welcome and the most patient attention greeted our Berlin Director on his journeys; and his pages record, with pardonable vanity, the civilities of princes and the hospitalities of dukes. We hear of the great people whom he met, of the stay he made in palaces and castles, and how he was conducted by admiring patrons from place to place and from mansion to mansion, in his almost triumphal progresses of art-inspection. The result is perhaps a little too courtly and complimentary for our tastes. It is hard to be sternly critical and inexorably just when the owner of an art-treasure is himself exhibiting it with flattering politeness. Who would like to tell a kind and condescending host to his face that his cherished Raffaele or Titian was a daub or a copy? Dr. Waagen is, by natural disposition, a very Warwick the King-maker among pictures. When he is left to himself, he is for ever dethroning established reputations that he may set up others in their stead. In his pamphlet on the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, where he could speak his mind freely without the fear of courteous entertainers before his eyes, he seems to have had a malicious pleasure in putting marks of incredulous interrogation after the names of the greater painters, when assigned by their too partial owners to works of questionable authenticity. And in paintings of the Venetian school more especially, he was pretty sure to contradict a possessor who thought he had a Giorgione by telling him it was a Paris Bordone, or by attributing a so-called Bonifazio to Palma Vecchio, or *vice versa*. Our critic is far more tolerant in the *Supplemental Volume* now before us. Of course he questions the genuineness of very many pretended Titians and Francias; and the insertion of the words "school of" before a painter's name is often a polite way of disabusing a credulous proprietor. But, upon the whole, Dr. Waagen is almost too lenient a censor in his judgment of private cabinets; and we cannot doubt that the edge of his criticism was often blunted by the amenities of his reception. It is next to impossible that the majority of pictures in our country-houses can be the authentic works of the artists whose names they bear. The present work is a

mere appendix to three portly volumes, which described nearly all the more important English private galleries; and yet we find, even in this supplemental index, paintings credited to Domenichino, Giorgione, Raffaele, Tintoretto, and Velazquez by the dozen, and to Claude, Guido, Murillo, Rubens, Ruysdael, and Titian by the score. Let it be remembered in how uncritical and haphazard a way most of these collections have been formed—by orders to a picture-dealer, or by young gentlemen on their Grand Tour. It requires a very fair knowledge of painting to escape the snares that beset the purchaser of pictures in the Italian cities. And nearly every one knows, within his own experience, how many daubs and copies have found a refuge on the walls of his picture-collecting friends or acquaintances. Of course there are exceptions; and many most valuable pictures enrich some of our least known cabinets. Dr. Waagen's guidance is most useful in establishing the genuineness of some of these; and we owe him a debt of gratitude for revealing to us the existence and authenticity of an amount of art-treasures in this country, of the extent of which the public was little aware. It has been not untruly said—and higher praise could scarcely be given—that we owe to Dr. Waagen's former volumes the fact of the Manchester Exhibition. It is quite certain that another similar gallery might be collected from the hitherto unexhibited art-treasures in Great Britain. Dr. Waagen does not pretend to have exhausted, even in this fourth volume, the riches of the cabinets of our private collectors. There are still many galleries unvisited and unnoticed. Alnwick, Knole, Belvedere, Brocklesby, Corsham, Marbury, Clumber, and Welbeck made their first appearance in the present Supplement, along with Lord Folkestone's Holbeins at Longford Castle, Lord Normanton's Reynolds at Somerley, the Spanish pictures of Mr. Bankes and Mr. Stirling, and the Ettys of Mr. Gillott at Edgbaston. Let us hope that Dr. Waagen will pay us yet another visit, and gather materials for yet another volume.

It is impossible to review, in the ordinary sense of the word, a work that is little more than a descriptive catalogue. Nothing is more difficult than to convey an idea by words of the distribution and characteristics of a painting; but nothing is more useful, for the identification of a picture, than such a description of it as shall make it easy to trace its fortunes as it changes hands on the dispersion of the collections in which it successively forms a part. Our author claims, in his preface, to have done this for the works of art which he has selected for notice; but we cannot say that he has succeeded in his attempt. A very few only of the more important pictures are thoroughly described. Of the great majority we have most flimsy and inadequate notices. We need scarcely add, for any who know Dr. Waagen's style, that he has not condescended to dispense with the technical slang of his craft. He speaks constantly of *impasto* and *sfumato*, of "a fat brush," of "tender execution," of "mannered" or "animated motives," and of "empty forms." "Marowy" and "juicy"—his favourite epithets—are perhaps less often employed than on former occasions. We hope to see the time when all unnecessary technicalities will be dropped in books meant for general reading.

We proceed to notice a few of the most important criticisms or discoveries in the volume before us. Some of the latest additions to the National Gallery are described in terms of high commendation. Dr. Waagen endorses the opinions of Rumohr and Passavant that the youthful Raffaele's hand was employed in parts of the beautiful altarpiece by his master Perugino, purchased last year from the Melzi family at Milan. The fine specimen of the rare master Lo Spagna (No. 282), deserved a fuller notice than he has bestowed upon it. We observe that the much-abused Paolo Veronese—not the newest one, the "Family of Darius," but the "Adoration of the Magi"—receives unqualified commendation from the Berlin critic. Of private collectors, Sir C. Eastlake seems to have made the most important additions to his cabinet since the publication of Dr. Waagen's former volumes. A large landscape by Giovanni Bellini, and a "Madonna" by that very rare artist Cosimo Tura, a Ferrarese, appear to be the most remarkable. Lord Wensleydale is the possessor of a work by another very uncommon painter, Barnaba da Modena, dated 1374, and exhibiting the influence of Giotto and of Giusto Padovano upon his original Byzantine manner. The little-known Wallerstein Collection, at Kensington Palace, belonging to the Prince Consort, makes its appearance in the present volume. It is catalogued and described at considerable length. This gallery is unusually rich in early works both by German and Italian masters. The chief gems are a triptych by Giusto of Padua, subjects by Stephen of Cologne and the Master of the Lieversberg Passion, and a triptych by Matthew Grünewald of Aschaffenburg, the master—so Dr. Waagen asserts from internal evidence—of Lucas Cranach. A good specimen of the rare artist Duccio di Buoninsegna has been acquired by Mr. Davenport Bromley, from the De Banneville Collection; and Mr. Fuller Russell, another collector of the early schools, has become the possessor of a diptych by Taddeo di Bartolo, and a "Dead Christ" by the religious Lombard painter, Borgognone.

Dr. Waagen rejects the claim of Mr. Bankes' "Holy Family," at Kingston Lacy, to be a Raffaele, in spite of the fact that it was so known in the Escorial, and the assertion that it was so called when it belonged to our Charles I. He assigns it to Giulio Romano. On the other hand, he recognises the authenticity of

\* *Galleries and Cabinets of Art in Great Britain*. Being an Account of more than Forty Collections of Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures, MSS., &c. &c., visited in 1854 and 1856, and now for the first time described. By Dr. Waagen, Director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures, Berlin. Forming a Supplemental Volume to the "Treasures of Art in Great Britain." London: Murray, 1857.

that gentleman's large, but unfinished, Giorgione, the "Judgment of Solomon," from the Marescalchi collection at Bologna. He assigns this interesting composition to the last manner of the artist, and supposes that it was left unfinished at his early death. This makes it still more valuable on technical grounds, as showing how Giorgione produced his peculiar colouring. "It is evident," says Dr. Waagen, "that the whole under-painting was laid in a broken brown tone, and that, while he availed himself of this groundwork for his shadows, the modelling in local colours was confined only to the lights and half-lights, and executed also in cool tones—his own warm glow of colour being produced by the operation of glazings. The general effect is already, it is true, harmonious, but almost throughout subdued." We may add here, that the McLellan Gallery at Glasgow contains two specimens of this great Venetian master—one, the "Virgin and Child," formerly belonging to Mr. Solly; the other, the "Woman taken in Adultery," ascribed in the catalogue to Bonifazio, but claimed by Dr. Waagen for the middle period of Giorgione.

A picture of "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata," bought by Lord Heytesbury of a medical man at Lisbon as an Albert Dürer, is now assigned, on the ground of its style and manner, to John Van Eyck; and it is a happy suggestion of Dr. Waagen's, that it may have been painted in Portugal by the Flemish artist, when he accompanied the mission from Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy in 1428, to request the hand of the Princess Isabella. This is an interesting example of the aid or confirmation given to artistic criticism by historical research and documentary evidence.

We next notice a "Death of the Virgin," by Fra Angelico, belonging to Lord Methuen, which Dr. Waagen praises as "one of the most admirable works of the master" that he has seen, and in marvellous preservation. At Marbury Hall, in the collection of the late Mr. Smith Barry, our author found, under the name of Perugino, a magnificent altar-piece, by Beltraccio, which he considers to be, next to the beautiful picture by that artist in the Louvre, the most important known work of that rare pupil and friend of Leonardo. To the same Beltraccio he assigns a fine St. Sebastian, commonly known as a Leonardo da Vinci, belonging to Lord Elgin, at Broom Hall in Scotland. Few accredited pictures are known of the Florentine master Andrea Verrocchio, who was more sculptor than painter. But Dr. Waagen mentions a "Holy Family" of his belonging to Mr. A. Barker, which he says is the most important work by this scarce artist that he knows of. The same collection boasts of some genuine specimens of Lorenzo di Credi, who was a fellow-pupil of the great Leonardo in the studio of Verrocchio; and of two fine pictures, attributed by their owner to Leonardo and Razzi, but which Dr. Waagen—on critical grounds with which we are more inclined to agree than with some other of his dicta—would assign to an unknown German painter, and to Marco Oggione, respectively. The Leonardo at Gattin Park, mentioned above, and the pictures by Velazquez and Murillo, in the possession of Lord Hertford, Sir Culling Eardley, and Mr. Stirling, exhaust we believe, the most important of the art-treasures mentioned in this volume. It would be impossible to enter upon the Dutch, or Eclectic, or British schools, or to follow Dr. Waagen in his criticism on manuscripts, majolica, numismatics, statuary or *vertù*. All these subjects, with landscape-gardening in addition, fall under his notice. But his forte is Painting, and we could have dispensed with his other memoranda. In architectural criticism especially, which he attempts at Durham, Lincoln, and Lichfield, he is quite out of his element. We close his volume with a sense of real gratitude for a most valuable and important work satisfactorily performed. Dr. Waagen's researches are indispensable for all who wish to know the extent and value of the treasures of art in this country; and if we are sometimes fretted by a strain of too uniform compliment, and by an eclecticism of taste, which makes him as rapturous in praise of a "Cow," by Paul Potter, as of a Raffaele or Titian, it must be remembered that the first fault is inevitable where a writer has received such flattering hospitalities, and that the absence of a more rigid artistic creed qualifies him, as nothing else would do, for an impartial estimate of the omnigenous works of art which he has so usefully undertaken to catalogue and describe.

#### BURNING THE DEAD.\*

WE lay down this little treatise with very different feelings from those with which we took it up. We judged from its title that it must have been written by a lunatic—we have found on reading it that it is written by a man possessing very considerable eloquence, and as much common sense as the world at large is likely to admit in a very independent and somewhat daring thinker. And although we have not been converted to the belief that burning the dead is, on the whole, preferable to burying them—and although we remain well assured that the system advocated in the publication under notice will never be generally adopted—still, the horror with which we had *à priori* shrunk from the notion of consigning to devouring flames the mortal part of our departed friends has been mitigated. We are even willing to

acknowledge that, in sober reason, there is much to be urged in favour of urn sepulture.

Whenever life has gone, decay begins—the mysterious something which had held the dust of which we are made from falling into dissolution has fled, and the body begins to return to the elements. All attempts that have been made to arrest this process have been miserable failures. Our author thus alludes to some of these:—

In the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London may be seen the first wife of one Martin Van Butchell, who, at her husband's request, was embalmed by Dr. William Hunter and Mr. Carpenter, in the year 1775. No doubt extraordinary pains were taken to preserve both form and feature; and yet what a wretched mockery of a once lovely woman it now appears, with its shrunken and rotten-looking bust, its hideous, mahogany-coloured face, and its remarkably fine set of teeth. Between the feet are the remains of a green parrot—whether immolated or not at the death of its mistress is uncertain—but, as it still retains its plumage, it is a far less repulsive-looking object than the larger biped. By the side of Mrs. Van Butchell is the body of another woman, embalmed by a different process about the same period; she is even more ugly than her neighbour. Then there are Egyptian mummies, rolled and unrolled, and almost tumbling to pieces; mummies from Peru and Teneriffe; and one poor fellow from our Antipodes, who has been sun-baked by his friends, it being the custom of some Australian tribes to let their dead dry and wither in the open air. He is tied up in a bundle, and looks about the most grotesquely horrible mummy of them all.

We set aside embalming, as an unsuccessful and revolting attempt to interfere with the purpose of Nature. Assuming it as certain and necessary that the body, deserted by the soul, must return to the elements, the question comes to be, How? It is evident that the question is one of no interest to the dead. It matters nothing to *them* in what manner the senseless abode which they have left shall be resolved and separated into the oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, of which it is composed. The important point is, that the physical dissolution of the dead should take place under such conditions that it shall neither injure the health nor revolt the feelings of the living. And the ways in which it has been proposed, in all lands and ages, to attain this end, have in the main been two. The one is burial in the earth, where the body is laid unutilized, and where whatever change may pass upon it, is wrought unseen by the gentle hand of Nature. The other is the more immediately violent method of burning, by which dissolution is hurried on, and the only vestiges left at the end of a few minutes are a heap of innocuous ashes. Of these two systems, burning has been identified with heathenism, while the Christian usage has been burial. As Sir Thomas Browne has remarked of the early Christians, "though they stiekt not to give their bodies to be burnt in their lives, they detested that mode after death." The funeral pyre dissipated the remains of ancient heroes in air and ashes—the Christian usage has ever been to give "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and the Christian prayer for many centuries has been, that "through the grave and gate of death we may pass to our joyful resurrection."

We shall not dispute with our author that there is no essential connexion between burning and heathenism, or between burial and Christianity; but the admitted fact that burying the dead has been the usage of the Christian Church, *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, is a weighty reason for retaining it in preference to the heathen rite, unless it can be shown that very great advantages would follow from the substitution of the one for the other. And the burden of proof, of course, lies with those who suggest a change. What, then, are the grounds on which the "Member of the College of Surgeons" advocates an alteration which sounds very startling at the first mention of it?

The only consideration by which he recommends burning the dead is the sanitary one. The sole objection to burying the dead is, that to do so is a fearful source of peril to the living:—

It is proved beyond all doubt, that during the progress of that decomposition which a body undergoes when buried, the elements of which it is composed, before entering into other and purer states, form certain putrid gases of so deadly a nature, that their inhalation in a concentrated state has been known to cause instant death; while in a more diluted form, they are productive of the most serious injury to health. These dreadful effluvia vary much in their virulence according to circumstances; and there is probably one particular stage of decomposition in which they attain their most fatal power.

We do not venture to quote a host of revolting facts which our author brings forward in proof of the evil consequences which result to the living from the proximity of places of public interment. The following passage is from a Parliamentary Report made by Mr. Edwin Chadwick:—

So certain as a body has wasted or disappeared, is the fact that a deleterious gas has escaped. If the interments be so deep as to impede escapes at the surface, there is only the greater danger of escape by deep drainage, and the pollution of springs. . . . Defective as our information is as to the precise qualities of the various products from drains, churchyards, and similar places, I have seen enough to satisfy me that in all such situations the fluids of the living system imbibe materials which, though they do not always produce great severity of disease, speedily induce a morbid condition, which, while it renders the body more prone to attacks of fever, is more especially indicated by the facility with which the fluids pass to a state of putrefaction, and the rapidity with which the slightest wound or cut is apt to pass into a sore.

The vicinity of a churchyard in a town is an invariable cause of "headache, diarrhoea, dysentery, sore throat, and low fever." And as for the large cemeteries which have been established in the outskirts of many cities, we have the assurance of very recent Parliamentary Reports that they are, in most cases, rapidly

\* *Burning the Dead; or, Urn Sepulture.* Religiously, Socially, and Generally Considered; with Suggestions for a Revival of the Practice, as a Sanitary Measure. By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. London: George Philip and Son. 1857.



becoming as bad as the pestiferous graveyards which they supplanted. Dr. Sutherland states, in a Report dated November, 1855, that one favourite place of interment in the north of London, although the surface is tolerably well kept, is underneath one mass of corruption in the used parts; and that "the only Cemetery Company which combines in its practice a proper regard for public health and public decency is, the London Necropolis Company," which possesses a large tract of ground near Woking. The following is the conclusion to which the author comes on the sanitary question:—

We may confidently assert that all emanations from places where dead bodies are buried, especially if in large numbers, are of a most dangerous character; and that their fatal effects in a concentrated form, and the power they possess when more diluted, of producing various diseases, diminishing the average duration of life, lowering the tone of the general health, and thereby rendering thousands more liable to be attacked by fever, cholera, or other epidemics have been fully proved. It is not because they are often imperceptible to the sense of smell that they are harmless. The deadly malaria of the Pontine marshes is generally as soft and balmy as the air of a Devonshire summer; and the breeze from ague-laden fens may feel as fresh as if it blew from off the sea.

How, then, are all these evils to be averted? Thirty-five millions of human beings die every year—nearly four thousand every hour. By what means shall this great mass of decaying substance be so disposed of as not to vitiate the air the living breathe, and the water they drink? The reply is, that there is a swift and certain method of accomplishing the body's dissolution into the elements; and this method is burning. And in France, where the evils of burying have been strongly felt, it is now seriously proposed to return to that ancient practice. M. Bonneau, with the approval of the Government of that country, has proposed a plan for replacing all cemeteries adjoining great cities by an edifice denominated "the Sarcophagus," which should occupy the highest spot of ground in the neighbourhood. Thither the corpses of both rich and poor should be conveyed, and consumed by means of a powerful furnace. And, with truly French taste, M. Bonneau suggests, as a further recommendation of his plan, that it would conduce to the advantage of art:—"Who would not wish," he says, "to preserve the ashes of his ancestor? The funeral urn may soon replace on our consoles and mantelpieces the ornaments of bronze clocks and china vases now found there."

There can be no doubt that burning, carefully and efficiently conducted, would avoid the sanitary dangers of burying; and our author is at pains to describe the process which he recommends in such a manner as may render it as little abhorrent as may be to our natural feelings. Here is his description:—

On a gentle eminence, surrounded by pleasant grounds, stands a convenient, well-ventilated chapel, with a high spire or steeple. At the entrance, where some of the mourners might prefer to take leave of the body, are chambers for their accommodation. Within the edifice are seats for those who follow the remains to the last: there is also an organ, and a gallery for chorists. In the centre of the chapel, embellished with appropriate emblems and devices, is erected a shrine of marble, somewhat like those which cover the ashes of the great and mighty in our old cathedrals, the openings being filled with prepared glass. Within this—a sufficient space intervening—is an inner shrine, covered with bright non-radiating metal, and within this again is a covered sarcophagus of tempered fire-clay, with one or more longitudinal slits near the top, extending its whole length. As soon as the body is deposited therein, sheets of flame at an immensely high temperature, rush through the lower apertures from end to end; and acting as a combination of a modified oxyhydrogen blowpipe, with the reverberatory furnace, utterly and completely consume and decompose the body in an *incredibly short space of time*; even the large quantity of water it contains is decomposed by the extreme heat, and its elements, instead of retarding, aid combustion, as is the case in fierce conflagrations. The gaseous products of combustion are conveyed away by flues, and means being adopted to consume anything like smoke, all that is observed from the outside is occasionally a quivering transparent ether floating away from the high steeple to mingle with the atmosphere.

At each end of the sarcophagus is a closely-fitting fireproof door, that farthest from the chapel entrance communicating with a chamber which projects into the chapel, and adjoins the end of the shrine. Here are the attendants who, unseen, conduct the operation. The door at the other end of the sarcophagus, with a corresponding opening in the inner and outer shrine, is exactly opposite a slab of marble, on which the coffin is deposited when brought into the chapel. The funeral service then commences, according to any form decided on. At an appointed signal, the end of the coffin, which is placed just within the opening in the shrine, is removed, and the body is drawn rapidly, but gently and without exposure, into the sarcophagus; the sides of the coffin, constructed for the purpose, collapse, and the wooden box is removed to be burned elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the body is committed to the flames to be consumed, and the words "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," may be appropriately used. The organ peals forth a solemn strain, and a hymn or requiem for the dead is sung. In a few minutes, or even seconds, and without any perceptible noise or commotion, all is over, and nothing but a few pounds or ounces of light ash remains. This is carefully collected by the attendants of the adjoining chamber; a door communicating with the chapel is thrown open; and the relic, enclosed in a vase of glass or other material, is brought in and placed before the mourners, to be finally enshrined in the funeral urn of marble, alabaster, stone, or metal.

Upon this description we have to remark, first, that while any shocking accident is almost impossible of occurrence in an ordinary burial, it is evident that a burning would need to be extremely well and efficiently done, or the most revolting consequences might follow. It is impossible to conceive anything more repulsive than the results of a burning imperfectly carried out, or arrested by any accident. And it must be remembered that it will require a flame of very extraordinary intensity to reduce flesh and bone to ashes within a reasonable length of time. Secondly, to carry out the scheme of burning the dead effectually, it would be absolutely necessary to provide very expensive apparatus, and thoroughly skilled attendants. This could not be

done except in large towns. In remote country districts it would be out of the question. A stupid old sexton in a country parish may suffice for the present system of disposing of the dead; but assuredly he would not suffice for the new method. However, as it is only in large towns that any evil results from the burying usage (the vitiation of the air in the neighbourhood of a country churchyard being quite inappreciable), it is only in large towns, and amid a crowded population, that our author would probably propose to introduce the practice of cremation. Thirdly, it would be long before the present generation could escape from the feeling that the system of burning is a painful violation of the dead. It would be horrible to part at the door of the chapel, as is proposed, with the corpse of one dear to us, to know that it was roasting in a furnace for the next few minutes, and then to have a vase of white ashes brought back to us, the sole relic of the beloved form. We could not banish the impression of cruelty and violence. Under the present system the dead form is laid in its last resting-place, carefully and gently as though it felt; and the last recollection is of a place soft, neat, and trim. Of course, the *funer inani munere* comes across us; but still it soothes the living to be kind and thoughtful to the insensate dead. We know, indeed, that a sad change must soon pass over form and feature; but that is Nature's doing, and not ours. And most men would feel that it was putting forth a sacrilegious hand to mutilate in any way, by their own act, even the unconscious body of a dear friend.

We fear, then, that the "Member of the College of Surgeons" has been putting forth labour in vain. Burning the dead will not do. There is a great deal to be said in favour of it; for it would, if practised in large towns, unquestionably be of benefit to the general health of the community. But it would shock views and feelings which may be prejudices and weaknesses, but of which it is not possible for us to divest ourselves. We have no doubt that "the house appointed for all living" will receive incaleculably the larger portion of the living human race. It would never do to talk of a number of neat vases on cheffoniers and mantelpieces as the abodes "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." We sympathize even with the dead, and we shall do them no violence. And it is not mere weakness to have a care as to what shall come even of our bodies when the soul has left them. "By faith Joseph gave commandment concerning his bones;" and every one knows who it was that wrote as follows:—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here:  
Bless'd be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.

#### METAPHYSICS AT MANCHESTER.\*

WE live in an age of intellectual short cuts. The weary paths of plodding study which our ancestors were content to climb are too tardy for a fast-living age. Everybody must know everything, and nobody has any time to learn. Accordingly, a new species of literature has been created—a new brood of teachers has arisen, who undertake to lay on knowledge by electrotypes, with nearly as good a show, and quite as much solidity. The market swarms with "Popular Lectures," "Hand-books," "Easy Guides," and other dilutions of science administered to weak brains. As the dullness of readers is a constant quantity, while the sciences vary in their difficulty, it is of course the abstruser sciences that suffer most by this treatment. In the case of those which are easier and more attractive, no greater harm is done than the encouragement of sciolism instead of science, an enthusiasm for picturesque results, and a pious horror of figures. But unfortunately the process has been extended to metaphysics and polemics. No doubt the temptation was a great one. They are sciences whose difficulties have been rather increased than solved by the lapse of time. Higher and higher, as centuries passed on, grew the pile of literature which the controversialist in theology and philosophy had to master—closer and closer the tangle of conflicting lines of thought which it was the task of his logic to unravel. So, in these latter days, our worn-out teachers have resorted to a bold and daring short cut. Logic, they say, belongs to lower truths and bounded minds; and reading is a weariness of the flesh. All that is needed to be known will be told us by a certain infallible oracle which they profess to be conscious of within them, and to which they give the various names of "Pure Reason," "Intuition," "Spiritual Insight," &c. Nothing can possibly be more compendious than the process, or more suited to an age of indolence. It places the profoundest student on exactly the same level with respect to the attainment of truth as the young lady in her teens. The claims of learning or intellect to teach are impertinent if "all the greatest truths are felt, not proved"—if the appeal in controversy is not to the objective facts of history, but to the fancies of each man's brain. The theory saves so much trouble that it has been eagerly adopted, in one guise or another, by very varying schools. The Romanist holds that faith in his Church's authority is implanted on admission in the soul of every member of it. The German eschews miracles or evidences as a foundation for whatever belief he may elect to entertain, and rests it on the

\* *Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena.* By Leo. H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. London: Whittaker.

"felt adaptation of religion to the needs and aspirations of the soul." Mr. F. Newman desires you to let your "soul gaze on God," and then to correct the New Testament in accordance with your ideas of what God ought to be. The only difficulty attendant on this plan is, that the great truths discovered by one man's intuitions are very apt to differ from those vouchsafed to his neighbour. The spiritual insight of the moderns is nearly as fertile of controversies as the argumentation of their predecessors. The results of these mysterious utterances are generally too unintelligible to be worth investigation; but occasionally they come out in grotesque absurdities, which are of the same sort of service to philosophy that the drunkenness of the Helots was to Spartan temperance. Such is the merit which we hasten to acknowledge in the book that lies before us.

Mr. Grindon is Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. That celebrated city is noted for the manufacture of anything rather than metaphysics, and therefore this solitary utterance will at once command attention; but certainly the style of philosophy it presents is not what we should have expected from the realm of the prosaic tall chimneys. In examining into the nature and phenomena of life, Mr. Grindon utterly declines to be bound by the commonplace fetters of logic, or to confine himself to the worn-out ways of observation and experiment:—

Causes and spiritual things are seen by the internal, poetic, seventh sense—that divine faculty which men call the Imagination, the clear-seeing spiritual eye whereby the loftier and inmost truths of the universe, whether they be scientific, or religious, or philosophical, can alone be discerned. We are apt to suppose that to acquaint ourselves with nature, diligent observation and experiment will suffice. Not so. Nature has secrets which Imagination only can penetrate. . . . Great minds, or those in which the capacity for reading truth is quickest and highest, are not simply "intellectual" minds. They know what they have to believe on the showing of the feelings and the imagination, and of such things they never demand "proof."

It appears, moreover, that this seventh sense, which pierces the secrets of nature, can be exercised at night as well as in the day, especially by dyspeptics:—

That which we call imagination in reference to dreams, is what in the daytime we call our poetic faculty; and probably the play of each is in definite ratio to the other—the prime characteristic of the faculty being unswerving allegiance to truth and fact; and one of its chief privileges, insight into the spiritual world. In sleep we are conscious of beholding objects as distinctly, and hearing sounds as plainly, as in our waking state, yet with an eye and ear wholly different from the outward organs; and which can have reference, therefore, only to a sphere of nature and mode of being likewise entirely different—a sphere which can be no other than the spiritual world.

We never knew before how near cucumber and lobster-salad could bring us to the spiritual world.

In the investigations which this book contains, Mr. Grindon has been as good as his word in relying mainly on his imagination. Indeed, it is evident that in recommending dreams as valuable sources of information, he is only preaching what he practises. His theory concerning Life is, that the term has been improperly confined to animals and vegetables, and is in reality just as applicable to the existence of metal or stone. And he apparently measures the intensity of this life by the capacity of each object to give pleasure to mankind. The diamond, for instance, is carbon in a state of intenser life. And this life is enjoyed by the various objects of nature, not in consequence of any independent and original creation, but because of the existence of their ghosts in another world. For ghosts, according to Mr. Grindon's teaching, are not confined to human beings. Every single thing in creation—"the worlds," to use his own words—"and every object they contain," has got its ghost or spiritual double in the spiritual world. "Mountains, trees, rivers," are real and substantial as regards the material universe; nevertheless, only images of forms originally existing in a world which we do not see, and from which they are derived." And not only is this ghostly universe existing now underneath the real one, but it is to form the substance of our enjoyment in a future state:—

The rose seems to wither, its petals scatter, and its loveliness is only a recollection; but the real rose can never perish. The real rose abides where it always was—in the spiritual world; and there it will subsist for ever; and when we cast off our own leaves, we shall find it there in all its deathless beauty, along with all the other loved and vanished.

Mr. Grindon's poetic feelings have no doubt induced him to select a rose for the illustration of his doctrine; but that doctrine is of course equally true of less exalted objects. The pious alderman will thankfully apply it to the things which are as roses to him. The turtle which he sees is not the real turtle—there is a real turtle "lying at the back of it," which is never eaten up. The champagne which fizzes at his side is only the "finited representation" of original transcendental champagne, which causes the visible champagne to exist. The *pâté de foie gras* seems to disappear, its crust is broken, its savour is only a recollection; but the real *pâté de foie gras* can never perish. The real *pâté de foie gras* abides where it always was, in the spiritual world, and there it will subsist for ever; and when the alderman emerges from his own crust, he will find it there in all its deathless raciness, along with all the other dishes loved and vanished.

The next subject on which Mr. Grindon exercises his ingenuity is the supposed symbolism of nature. The strange mimics which occur in various departments of nature—such as the insect orchides, the oak in the stem of a brake-fern, the writing on the Tibetan leaf—are well known as matters of curious observation.

But Mr. Grindon will have it that these correspondences are systematic and universal; and that the objects not only represent each other, but often symbolize, and are intended to symbolize, moral qualities and facts. Accordingly he sets to work to extract symbols and resemblances. It is almost needless to say that his symbolism is untraceable by ordinary minds. It is about as substantial as that of Mr. Neale, who discovered an involuntary testimony to the doctrine of the Cross in the shape of a railway danger-signal; or that of the well-known Oxford lecturer, who, when inculcating on his pupils nature's witness to the doctrine of the Unity, remarked to them, "There is but one sun and one moon, and one multitude of stars." In much the same way, our author calls walnuts a prefiguration of the human head, and tree orchids a prefiguration of birds, because they are in the air. One result, he tells us, of the correspondence between the material and spiritual world is, that plants "foretell" moral qualities. The box-tree foretells stoicism—the camomile plant, energy—the mulberry-tree, prudence. He even reverts to a mysticism not far removed from that of the Pythagoreans, and tells us of noble and ignoble lines and figures. Straight lines are the meanest, being confined to crystals. Next comes the curve, which we are told never occurs in inorganic nature, with the trifling exception of the drops of liquids and the conchoidal fracture of minerals. "Wherever the universe exhibits a totality"—whatever that may mean—a sphere is the figure employed. But the noblest of all is the spiral, which is the symbol of life, and comes out in the human race in the shape of a lady's ringlet. The reasoning by which this symbolism is established is a fair specimen of our author's ordinary manner:—

Derived from *spira*, to blow, its fundamental allusion is to the well-known phenomenon of the spiral movement of the wind. Now, this peculiar movement, the spiral, delineates a form, which form thus becomes an emblem or pictorial representative of the wind, and thence of what the wind itself represents—namely, life.

But the crown of our author's ingenuity in this line is the connexion which he discovers between the human lungs and the Supreme Being:—

This is the history of the lungs inseparable from that of the heart. Complementary to one another, these two noble organs, the heart and the lungs, and their functions, circulation and respiration form a beautiful duality in unity, representing in the body the understanding and the affections, and their co-operative play in every action of the soul. The latter, as we have seen above, represent in turn the all-supporting wisdom of God—the infinite Divine essences which, expressed as life, conserve the universe.

If "co-operative play" in conserving anything constitutes a representation of the "Divine essences," the poker and tongs, which combine to heat the fire, have, as far as we can make out, as good a claim to that dignity as the heart and lungs. We are, however, quite aware that it is of no use for us to profess any difficulty in understanding the meaning of these brave words, for the author tells us beforehand that our want of perception is simply due to a want of moral elevation. But we should like, in all humility, to ask what is the exact object which this system of "representations" is supposed to serve? Does Mr. Grindon imagine that the Deity intended to convey by its means any information to his human creatures? If so, it is remarkable that in most cases Mr. Grindon should be the first individual of the species who has benefited by the Divine provision. Or do his "intuitions" of the Divine Majesty lead him to suppose that they were devised as pleasant puzzles wherewith mankind might while away their leisure time?

That so mystical a philosopher should pass by the doctrine of the microcosm was hardly to be expected. Accordingly, we have the ravings of Paracelsus restated in all their absurdity. Man is the synthesis of creation. In his soul is an epitome of all the forces and principles which underlie the works of God. He is the "finite archetype and summary of all things, the world over again, at once its lord and its epitome." Nor does this merely mean, as a charitable reader might possibly suppose, that what he perceives is in a certain sense reflected in the mental impressions which are the medium of that perception. Everything in creation is supposed to be actually represented in him, and only to exist as "a prefigurative reference" to him. This applies even to the pre-Adamite plants and animals. "The geological history of our planet is the biography of human nature." All the phenomena of stratification and disruption "are to the true reader a narrative in symbol of his own intellectual and emotional development." He gives instances:—

The great size of many of the pre-Adamite animals, and their strange and unshapely forms, consist, we may see at a glance, with the wild ambitious phantasies of early youth, when the *Arabian Nights* are thought to be solid facts; the small number of distinct species, relatively to the present numbers, corresponds with its scanty stock of emotional experiences and ideas.

Not only does the human soul correspond with the objects of creation, but it actually influences their natural history. The oak and the elephant live long because they correspond to emotions which are of long continuance—the gourd and the insect die quickly because the feelings to which they answer are ephemeral.

We cannot better close this slight sketch of the new philosophy than by quoting Mr. Grindon's account of the qualities which constitute the superiority of the wonderful creature whose fleeting feelings limit the existence of the animal and vegetable world. The root of his superiority is, of course, the possession of a soul; and the soul is the source of certain heavenly peculiarities which



it may, perhaps, never have occurred to our readers to link with heaven before:—

By virtue also of his possessing a soul, animated with spiritual life, the spine of man has those wonderful curves in it, and that curious pyramidal arrangement of bones, whereby he is enabled to stand erect. The more complicated brain than any other of the mammalia have; the smoothness and nakedness of his skin; the peculiar muscle for the extension of the forefinger; the capacity for being tickled and for blushing; smiles and kisses; the breast of woman, exquisitely unlike that of any other female animal, both in its shape during the flower of her age, and the longer retention of its normal form after the period of lactation;—all these have their essential origin in that inner and regal life which links earth to heaven.

It is fair to add, that this strange performance is distinguished by many merits, both of matter and of manner. A tone of sincere and earnest piety seems to breathe through every part of it. The illustrative facts, with which it is thickly sprinkled, bespeak a wide and varied reading, especially in the author's own department of botany; and the style is vigorous, occasionally rising into poetry, though deformed by the mystical generalities with which German philosophers have of late infected the style of their English brethren. But all the gifts of all the Muses cannot save a man from writing like a lunatic, when once he betakes himself to promulgating his "intuitions."

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The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel asks for an increase of its present income to the extent of £30,000 per annum, for the special purpose of strengthening and extending its missions in India.

The Society appeals to all classes alike—to the hereditary aristocracy, the landed gentry, the great capitalists and merchants, the members of the learned professions, and of both services, especially the retired civil and military servants of the great East India Company—as well as to the middle and lower classes, from whom a large portion of the Society's income is derived. The call is an extraordinary one; but so is the occasion that has drawn it forth.

The Indian Mutiny, it is hoped, will soon be decisively quelled; but it remains for us to profit by its teaching. What lesson, then, shall we draw from the terrible disaster which has befallen us?

The notion that it was occasioned by the indiscreet zeal of Missionaries is now abandoned. Whatever its immediate causes may have been, one consequence we may thankfully acknowledge: a strong and universal feeling of national responsibility has been awakened.

"Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

We have been warned as by a voice from heaven of our unfaithfulness as a Christian people towards the heathen population of our great dependency. Without denying or underrating the endeavours which have been made to advance their material prosperity, we have done very little when compared with their wants or our opportunities to impart to them the richest gift we had to bestow—the faith of Christ.

On this conviction the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel founds its present appeal.

The Society asks for £30,000 a year in addition to its present income. It asks for more givers, and for larger gifts, than it has hitherto received. Let us double the present number of our missionaries, catechists, and schoolmasters in India. Let us direct their efforts to new quarters, to the highly-educated but unconverted classes in the chief cities of India, to the millions of despised outcasts, to the children whose religion is a matter of indifference to their heathen parents. And let us not fail, at the same time, to press upon the attention of the Government the grievous inadequacy of the present number of bishops and chaplains to meet the spiritual wants of the country.

The Gospel has not yet been offered to one-twentieth part of the native population. There are Indian states which number their tens of millions of heathens, yet have not a single Christian missionary. In the territories where missionaries are stationed, they are so few in number that the great mass of the people never hear the Word of Salvation. It reaches the ears of a few thousands; whilst millions are passing every year out of this life silent witnesses of the negligence of their Christian masters.

With its present income the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel can maintain only 50 missionaries among 180,000,000 of Hindoos and Mahomedans.

In the diocese of Calcutta the Society began its work in the year 1818. It has now eight distinct missions, of which four are in Calcutta and its neighbourhood; one—Saugor—lies in Central India; two—Cawnpore and Delhi—lie out in the north-west; and one—Delhousie—far in the north-east, in Assam.

In the diocese of Madras the Society began its work in 1825. Here it has 25 distinct missions; seven in Tinnevely, the extreme south; 11 in the province of Tanjore, and seven in other parts.

Fifty clergymen, conversant with the native languages, have pastoral charge of these missions, and preach to the heathen in the neighbourhood. There are 20,000 baptised converts, and 7000 natives under instruction preparatory to baptism. In each diocese there are superior schools and a college for the education of native schoolmasters, catechists, and clergymen.

Other Christian bodies also—some with more extensive machinery—are labouring for the conversion of India. But, without entering into their statistics, it must be at once admitted that the whole agency so employed is quite inadequate to the end. In the emphatic language of the Bishop of Calcutta, "It is nothing, comparatively speaking. Instead of a few missionaries only, there should be thousands. And there would be if Christians at home and in India were properly awake to their duty. The time is most favourable. The aids afforded of an external nature are almost miraculous. Now is the crisis for India's conversion."

Now, when a stern chastisement has roused the nation to a sense of its own remissness and of the exceeding wickedness of the idolatry which it has more than tolerated, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the oldest Missionary organ of the Church of England, asks to be enabled to take advantage of the present crisis. It calls upon this great nation to make an effort worthy of itself, a deliberate and united effort, in humble reliance on the help of God, for the peaceful overthrow of idolatry and false religion, and for the conversion of India to the faith of Christ.

The altered policy of the Indian Government encourages such an effort now. It seems tolerably clear that caste, the great obstacle to Christianity, will no longer be fostered; that idol-worship will not be even indirectly supported; and that the Koran and the Shastras will not be treated with favour, which is withheld from the Bible. Up to the year 1813 no missionary, as such, was allowed to reside in Bengal. In 1819 the first sepooy convert was removed from his regiment, solely, as Bishop Heber says, "in consequence of his embracing Christianity." More recently, a Christian officer of the highest rank, who refused to sanction an act of idolatry, was driven to resign his command. But now one of the ablest representatives of the Government publishes a proclamation to the effect that "a change has come—native Christians will be eagerly employed—officers of every class must be entertained for their merit, irrespective of creed, class, or caste."

The increased respect with which Missionaries are regarded by natives favours such an effort now. A remarkable testimony was borne by Mokerjee, a native, not a Christian, in addressing, last August, a public meeting of his Hindoo countrymen in Calcutta—"However we may differ from the Christian missionaries in religion, I speak the minds of the people generally when I say that, as regards their learning, purity of morals, and disinterestedness of intention to promote our weal, no doubt is entertained throughout the land; they are held by us in the highest esteem."

The intellectual progress of the Hindoos not only favours, but demands, such an effort now. Conversion proceeds slowly. But secular schools, the use of the English language, and the diffusion of European science and literature, are gradually undermining the whole system of Hindooism; and a numerous class of highly-educated Hindoos are brought to the point of choosing between Christianity and scepticism. Their choice may, by God's blessing, be determined in many cases by placing them in communication with a superior Christian missionary.

The improvement of European society in India favours such an effort now. In a former generation, professing Christians in India presented a great obstacle to the spread of the religion which they dishonoured by their lives. But of late the standard of morality has been elevated, and the spirit of Christian love has been manifested in public and private acts of kindness to the native races. The conversion of India cannot indeed be effected by the mere example of a Christian nation, without the direct instruction of Christian teachers. But no argument is so powerful in bringing home the Missionary's words to the hearts of unbelievers as the holy lives of Christians.

The position which Christianity has already won amongst the native favours such an effort now. The number of baptised converts, the extent to which translations of the Holy Scriptures and other Christian books are read, the constancy and fidelity shown generally by native Christians in their recent fiery trials, the undisguised forebodings of the Brahmins, and the fanatical opposition of the Mahomedans, are proofs

that Christianity has at least taken hold on the native mind, and that real progress has been made towards that object of so many prayers and labours—the conversion of India.

All these considerations point to the duty of vigorous co-operation in this great work. The Society has had its own troubles, beyond its share in the common grief which has touched the heart of every British subject. But, as our countrymen have done bravely in the scene of conflict, so we trust that the soldiers of the Cross will not lose heart because some have fallen at their posts. A voice comes to us from the graves of our young and devoted missionaries at Delhi and Cawnpore; and men like-minded with them, we trust, will step into their places, and carry on the good work to which God had already vouchsafed His blessing.

Humbled by our past omissions, encouraged by the outward leadings of Providence, full of the conviction that this work is the work of God, and trusting that He will crown it with success in His own good time, we cast our burden upon the conscience of an awakened people. We seek from Christian England sympathy, aims, and prayers. The duty of all times is specially the duty of this time. God has indeed chastened us; but in judgment He has remembered mercy. He has given victory to our arms, and doubtless for His own gracious purposes has left India under British rule. To Queen and Parliament belong the task of repairing our losses, and amending what is faulty in our Government. It is for the Church of Christ to improve the opportunity, and turn to the best account a great national crisis. May He from whom cometh every good and perfect gift help us to do this faithfully and with a glad heart; and may He guide our counsels, and accept and bless our efforts, to the lasting benefit of our fellow subjects in India, and to the glory of His own great name!

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